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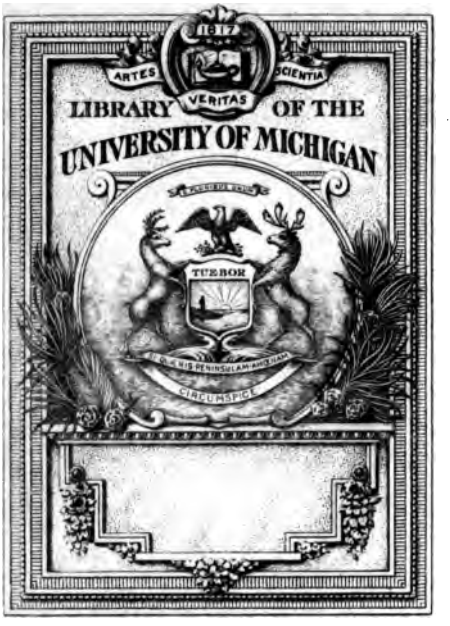

THE GIFT OF

Mrs. Katherine Warthin

820.
D647
1796

MUSICAL MOMENTS

Wadsworth, Jessie Eloise (Perkins)

MUSICAL MOMENTS

SHORT SELECTIONS

In Prose and Verse

FOR MUSIC LOVERS

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY
1890

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A.D. 1889.

TO

OUR UNBROKEN HOME CIRCLE,

WHO LOVE THE "HEAVENLY MAID,"

This Little Book is Affectionately Dedicated,

BY

ONE OF THE ELEVEN.

Full
Mrs. Katharine Martin
5-2-1934

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THE compiler wishes most heartily to thank Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Miss Helen Gray Cone, Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. W. J. Henderson, Mr. J. W. Sutphen, and Mr. Clinton Scollard, for their poems in this collection; and also to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Messrs. Cassell & Co., Messrs. Roberts Brothers, and Messrs. F. A. Stokes & Brother, in permitting the use of extracts from their copyright works. Special acknowledgment is also due Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., for their kind permission to use selections from the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, E. R. Sill, Celia Thaxter, C. P. Cranch, Emma Lazarus, and H. A. Beers.

J. E. P.

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MUSICAL MOMENTS.

I.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; — it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Twelfth Night.*)

II.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

WHAT love is to man, music is to the arts and to mankind. Music is love itself, — it is the purest, most ethereal language of passion, showing in a thousand ways all possible changes of color and feeling; and though only true in a single instance, it can yet be understood by thousands of men, — who all feel differently.

C. M. VON WEBER.

III.

MUSIC.

I PANT for the music which is divine;
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower.
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine;
Loosen the notes in a silver shower.
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound
More, oh more! — I am thirsting yet!
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart, to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst to slake, —
And the violet lay dead while the odor flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue.

SHELLEY.

IV.

HER sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid imparts,
To tell the secrets of our aching hearts;
For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate, bound,
She kneels imploring at the feet of sound.

O. W. HOLMES. (*A Rhymed Lesson.*)

V.

THE MONOCHORD.

Is it the moved air or the moving sound
That is Life's self and draws my life from me,
And by instinct ineffable decree
Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound?
Nay, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-crowned,
That mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labor in the ground?
Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
The lifted shifted steeps and all the way,—
That draws round me at last this wind-warm space,
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay?

D. G. Rossetti.

VI.

WILHELMJ.

He is so thoroughly adapted to the violin, that, were the instrument not at hand, we should have to invent it for him.

Liszt.

VII.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?

Beattie.

VIII.

BEETHOVEN.

If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
To us his creatures, surely here and now
We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;
And, "Come up higher, come!" the words it speaks,
"Out of your darkened valleys of despair;
Behold, I lift you up on mighty wings
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings, —
Dream, folded on the breast of Patience sweet;
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat!"

CELIA THAXTER.

IX.

Ah, happy time! when music bound in one
Two kindred souls that ne'er were out of tune.

C. P. CRANCH.

X.

If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

XI.

GERMANY SPEAKS IN SONG.

SONG is for Germany a breathing: it is by singing that she respires and conspires. The music-note being the syllable of a kind of undefined universal language, Germany's grand communication with the human race is made through harmony, — an admirable prelude to unity. It is by the clouds that the rains which fertilize the earth ascend from the sea; it is by music that ideas emanate from Germany to take possession of the minds of men. Therefore we may say that Germany's greatest poets are her musicians, of which wonderful family Beethoven is the head.

VICTOR HUGO.
(*Shakespeare: Tr. by M. B. Anderson.*)

XII.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

MUSIC resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach!

POPE. (*Essay on Criticism.*)

XIII.

WHERE words fail, music speaks.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

XIV.

LISTENING.

HER white hand flashes on the strings,
  Sweeping a swift and silver chord,
And wild and strong the great harp rings
  Its throng of throbbing tones abroad;
Music and moonlight make a bloom
Throughout the rich and sombre room.

Oh, sweet the long and shivering swells,
  And sweeter still the lingering flow,
Delicious as remembered bells
  Dying in distance long ago,
When evening hymns from heaven were blown,
And the heart yearned for things unknown!

Across the leafy window-place
  Peace seals the stainless sapphire deep;
One sentry star on outer space
  His quenchless lamp lifts, half asleep;
Peace broods where falling waters flow,
Peace where the heavy roses blow.

And on the windless atmosphere
  Wait all the fragrances of June;
The summer night is hushed to hear
  The passion of the ancient tune!
Then why these sudden tears that start,
And why this pierced and aching heart?

Ah, listen! We and all our pain
  Are mortal, and divine the song!
Idly our topmost height we gain;
  It spurns that height, and far along
Seeks in the heavens its splendid mark,
And we fall backward on the dark!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

XV.

THE FLUTE-NOTE.

BUT presently
A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did float,
As if a rose might somehow be a throat.

SIDNEY LANIER. (*The Symphony.*)

XVI.

SIMPLE MUSIC.

SOFT is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

WORDSWORTH. (*Miscellaneous Sonnets.*)

XVII.

MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

LORD, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth.

ISAAK WALTON.

XVIII.

RESPONSIVE CHORDS.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER. (*The Task.*)

XIX.

MARIO, IN IL TROVATORE.

OF all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario could soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in Purgatory.

OWEN MEREDITH. (*Aux Italiens.*)

XX.

MUSIC and love are the wings of the soul.

BERLIOZ.

XXI.

STRADIVARIUS.

YOUR soul was lifted by the wings to-day
Hearing the master of the violin:
You praised him, praised the great Sebastian too
Who made that fine Chaconne; but did you think
Of old Antonio Stradivari, — him
Who a good century and half ago
Put his true work in that brown instrument,
And by the nice adjustment of its frame
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips, and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use?
Not Bach alone, helped by fine precedent
Of genius gone before, nor Joachim,
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate
By inward hearing and notation strict
Of nerve and muscle, made our joy to-day:
Another soul was living in the air
And swaying it to true deliverance
Of high invention and responsive skill:
That plain white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

No simpler man than he: he never cried,
"Why was I born to this monotonous task

Of making violins?" or flung them down
To suit with hurling act a well-hurled curse
At labor on such perishable stuff.
Hence neighbors in Cremona held him dull,
Called him a slave, a mill-horse, a machine,
Begged him to tell his motives or to lend
A few gold pieces to a loftier mind.
. . . . . But he:
"And for my fame, — when any master holds
'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins, and made them of the best.
The masters only know whose work is good:
They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill
I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him."

GEORGE ELIOT.

XXII.

MUSIC THE WORD OF GERMANY.

MUSIC is the Word of Germany. The German people, so much curbed as a nation, so emancipated as thinkers, sing with a sombre delight. To sing, seems a deliverance from bondage. Music expresses that which cannot be said, and which cannot be suppressed. Therefore is Germany all music, in anticipation of the time when she shall be all freedom.

VICTOR HUGO.

(*Shakespeare: Tr. by M. B. Anderson.*)

XXIII.

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

THE habitual use of vocal music by a family is an almost unfailing sign of good morals and refined tast

C. W. LANDON.

XXIV.

OLD SONGS ARE BEST.

I WAS singing, — I was singing,
And my songs were idle words;
But from my heart was springing
Wild music like a bird's:
Now I sing, love, — now I sing, love,
A fine Italian air;
But it 's not so glad a thing, love,
As childhood's ballads were!

W. M. PRAED.

XXV.

M. M. C. LIFE IS MUSIC.

ALL one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in time.

RUSKIN.

XXVI.

MUSIC is Love in search of a word.

SIDNEY LANIER. (*The Symphony.*)

XXVII.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY HYMN.

WHEN such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook, —
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

. . . . . .

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

MILTON.

XXVIII.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
  He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
  And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
  And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said, too late, "He is weary!
  He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
  As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
  A something snapped in the gloom.

'T was a string of his violoncello,
  And they heard him stir in his bed:
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
  Kind God!" was the last he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

XXIX.

MUSIC is the language spoken by angels.

LONGFELLOW.

XXX.

SUCH sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

MILTON.

XXXI.

NOCTURNE.

(AN ECHO OF CHOPIN.)

When we seek to explain our musical emotions, we look about for images calculated to excite similar emotions, and strive to convey through these images to others the effect produced by music on ourselves. — HAWEIS, *Music and Morals.*

WIND, and the sound of a sea
  Heard in the night from afar,
Spending itself on an unknown shore,
Feeling its way o'er an unseen floor
  Lighted by moon nor star;
Telling a tale to the listening ear
Of wounds and woes that the rolling year
  Hath brought to the human heart;
Telling of passion and innermost pain,
Sinking and swooning, and growing again,
  As the wind and the waves take part;
Lifting a voice to the voiceless skies,
Tender entreaties that faint for replies,
Pauses of sorrow that pass into sighs
  Born of a secret despair;
Fluttering back on the clear tide of tone,
Gathering in force till the melody 's grown
Strong to interpret the accents unknown
  Haunting the dark fields of air;
Speaking the longings of life, the full soul's
Hidden desires in music that rolls
  Wave-like in search of a shore;

Eddies of harmony, floating around,
Widen in circles of lessening sound,
Die in the distance, till silence is found
And earth redemands us once more.

ANON.

XXXII.

ALL DEEP THINGS ARE SONG.

ALL deep things are song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The Primal element of us; of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies: it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. . . . See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

CARLYLE. (*Heroes and Hero-Worship.*)

XXXIII.

WHAT MUSIC IS TO POETRY.

MUSIC is the vapor of art. It is to poetry what revery is to thought, what fluid is to liquid, what the ocean of clouds is to the ocean of waves.

VICTOR HUGO.
(*Shakespeare: Tr. by M. B. Anderson.*)

XXXIV.

NILSSON.

A ROSE of perfect red, embossed
With silver sheens of crystal frost,
Yet warm, nor life nor fragrance lost.

High passion throbbing in a sphere
That Art hath wrought of diamond clear, —
A great heart beating in a tear.

The listening soul is full of dreams
That shape the wondrous-varying themes
As cries of men or plash of streams;

Or noise of summer raindrops round
That patter daintily aground
With hints of heaven in the sound;

Or noble wind-tones chanting free
Through morning skies across the sea
Wild hymns to some strange majesty.

Oh if one trope, clear-cut and keen,
May type the art of Song's best queen,
White-heart of soul, white-chaste of mien,

On Music's heart doth Nilsson dwell
As if a Swedish snow-flake fell
Into a glowing flower-bell.

SIDNEY LANIER.

XXXV.

HELPFULNESS OF MUSIC.

MUSIC is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect, of all bodily pleasures; it is also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man, — helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which often, if not most frequently, haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits.

RUSKIN.

XXXVI.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

MUSIC the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

POPE. (*St. Cecilia's Day.*)

XXXVII.

A HARP sounds sweetly, yet it hears not its own melody.

WILLIAM SECKER.

XXXVIII.

THE music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSWORTH. (*The Solitary Reaper.*)

XXXIX.

THE LASTING PLEASURE OF MUSIC.

THE effect of good music is not caused by its novelty. On the contrary, it strikes us more the more we are familiar with it.

GOETHE.

XL.

THE TEST OF MUSIC.

IT is the air which is the charm of music, it is also that which it is most difficult to produce. The invention of a fine air is a work of genius. The truth is, a fine air needs neither ornaments nor accessories in order to please. Would you know whether it be really fine? Strip it of its accompaniments.

HAYDN.

XLI.

NOTES recurrent, soft as pattering drops
That fall from off the eaves in faëry dance
When clouds are breaking.

GEORGE ELIOT. (*The Spanish Gypsy.*)

XLII.

MELODY, both vocal and instrumental, is for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening their affections toward God.

HOOKER.

XLIII.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

I LISTENED to the music broad and deep;
I heard the tenor in an ecstasy
Touch the sweet, distant goal, I heard the cry
Of prayer and passion, and I heard the sweep
Of mighty wings that in their waving keep
The music that the spheres make endlessly;
Then my cheeks shivered, tears made blind each eye
As flame to flame I felt the quick blood leap,
And through the tides and moonlit winds of sound
To me love's passionate voice grew audible;
Again I felt your heart to my heart bound,
Then silence on the viols and voices fell;
But, like the still, small voice within a shell,
I heard love thrilling through the void profound.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

XLIV.

CREATION'S HARMONIES.

MUSIC is the harmonious voice of Creation, an echo of the invisible world, one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.

MAZZINI.

XLV.

TO IMOGEN AT THE HARP.

HAST thou seen ghosts? Hast thou at midnight heard
In the wind's talking an articulate word?
Or art thou in the secret of the sea,
And have the twilight woods confessed to thee?
So wild thy song, thy smile so faint, so far
Thine absent eyes from earthly vision are.
Thy song is done; why art thou listening?
Spent is the last vibration of the string
Along the waves of sound. Oh, doth thine ear
Pursue the ebbing chord in some fine sphere,
Where wraiths of vanished echoes live and roam,
And where thy thoughts, here strangered, find a home?
. . . . . .
Teach me the path into that silent land.
Take once again the haunted wires in hand,
And pour the strain which, waking, thou hast heard
Whistled when night was deep by some lone bird
Hid in the dark and dewy sycamore, —
When thou hast risen and unbarred the door
And walked the garden paths till night was flown,
Listening the message sent to thee alone.
Ah! once again thy harp, thy voice once more,
Fling back the refluent tide upon the shore.

All nature grows unearthly; all things seem
To break and waver off in shapes of dream,
And through the chinks of matter steals the dawn
Of skies beyond the solar road withdrawn.
Oh, flood my soul with that pure morning-red!
It is the sense that's shut, the heart that's dead:
All open still the world of spirits lies
Would we but bathe us in its red sunrise.

HENRY A. BEERS.

XLVI.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

IF Musick and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD.

XLVII.

HEAVEN-SENT MELODY.

OH, surely melody from heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

KIRKE WHITE.

XLVIII.

THE ETERNITY OF MUSIC.

MUSIC was the first sound heard in the creation, when the morning stars sang together. It was the first sound heard at the birth of Christ, when the angels sang together above the plains of Bethlehem. It is the universal language, which appeals to the universal heart of mankind. It greets our entrance into this world, and solemnizes our departure. Its thrill pervades all Nature, — in the hum of the tiniest insect, in the tops of the wind-smitten pines, in the solemn diapason of the ocean. And there must come a time when it will be the only suggestion left of our human nature and the creation, since it alone, of all things on earth, is known in heaven. The human soul and music are alone eternal.

GEORGE P. UPTON. (*Woman in Music.*)

XLIX.

How sour sweet music is when time is broke
And no proportion kept!

SHAKESPEARE.

L.

AND music too — dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much —
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
The faint, exquisite music of a dream.

MOORE. (*Lalla Rookh.*)

LI.

CHURCH SONGS.

How abundantly did I weep before God, to hear those hymns of thine; being touched to the very quick by the voices of thy sweet church song. The voices flowed into my ears, which caused the affections of my devotion to overflow, and my tears to run over; and happy did I find myself therein.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

LII.

MUSIC THE SPEECH OF ANGELS.

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine.

CARLYLE. (*Essays.*)

LIII.

MUSIC is a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.

J. G. HOLLAND.

LIV.

SCHUMANN'S SONATA IN A MINOR.

THE brilliant room, the flowers, the perfumed
calm,
The slender crystal vase where all aflame
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall,
Color that burns as if no frost could tame:
The shaded lamplight glowing over all,
The summer night a dream of warmth and
balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody
"With passionate expression," — ah, from
whence
Comes the enchantment of this mystic spell,
This charm that takes us captive soul and
sense,
The sacred power of music, — who shall tell,
Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo! in the keen vibration of the air,
Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
Shaken by thrilling chords and searching notes
That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
To tremble, — 't is as if some spirit floats,
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

Stately and still and proud the poppies stand,
In silken splendor of superb attire;
Stricken with arrows of melodious sound
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire;

With waves of music overwhelmed and drowned,
Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rare moment dies, and what is left?
Only a memory sweet to shut between
Some poem's silent leaves, to find again,
Perhaps, when winter blasts are howling keen,
And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
And all the world of light and bloom bereft.

But winter cannot rob the music so!
Nor time nor fate its subtle power destroy
To bring again the summer's dear caress,
To fill the heart with youth's unreasoning joy, —
Sound, color, perfume, love, to warm and bless,
And airs of balm from Paradise that blow.

CELIA THAXTER.

LV.

VOICE AND LUTE.

RARE is the voice it selfe; but when we sing
To th' lute or violl, then 't is ravishing.

HERRICK.

LVI.

IN music all hearts are revealed to us.

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

LVII.

ON HEARING OLE BULL IN 1879.

WHAT note is this of infinite appeal
That wakes beneath thy hand's inspired control?
Is it a prayer from man's most secret soul
To the dim gods Death only can reveal, —
Whose hands we know can wound, yet trust may heal?
Hark, now, for 'twixt the prayer and the prayer's goal,
From far away, beyond where planets roll,
Something I hear, or something subtly feel:
Down all the deep, untravelled, star-watched way,
Faint as a wind at dawn of a June day,
Comes a divine response. Ah! now 't is here.
Lo! prayer is turned to passionate triumphing,
And in thy music's moon-thrilled atmosphere
My soul drinks deep of some immortal spring.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

LVIII.

MUSIC THE ART OF THE PROPHETS.

MUSIC is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitation of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.

LUTHER.

LIX.

ON HEARING A LITTLE MUSIC-BOX.

HALLO! — what? — where, what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously?
I never in my life — what no!
That little tin box playing so?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us swift and light,
And come from some minuter star
To treat us with his pearl guitar.

Hark! it scarcely ends the strain,
But it gives it o'er again,
Lovely thing! — and runs along
Just as if it knew the song,
Touching out, smooth, clear, and small,
Harmony, and shake, and all;
Now upon the treble lingering,
Dancing now as if 't were fingering,
And at last upon the close
Coming with serene repose.

O full of sweetness, crispness, ease,
Compound of lovely smallnesses,
Accomplished trifle, — tell us what
To call thee, and disgrace thee not!
Worlds of fancies come about us,
Thrill within, and glance without us.
Now we think that there must be
In thee some humanity,

Such a taste composed and fine
Smiles along that touch of thine.
Now we call thee heavenly rain,
For thy fresh continued strain;
Now a hail that on the ground
Splits into light leaps of sound;
Now the concert, neat and nice,
Of a pygmy paradise;
Sprinkles then from singing fountains;
Fairies heard on tops of mountains;
Nightingales endued with art,
Caught in listening to Mozart;
Stars that make a distant tinkling,
While their happy eyes are twinkling;
Sounds for scattered rills to flow to;
Music for the flowers to blow to.

LEIGH HUNT.

LX.

SONGS OF THE SCOTTISH COTTAGERS.

THEY chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

BURNS. (*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*)

LXI.

MUSIC MADE IN HEAVEN.

We know they music made
  In heaven, ere man's creation;
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
  It dropped with lamentation,
And ever since it doth its sweetness shade
  With sighs for its first station.

JEAN INGELOW.
(*A Cottage in a Chine.*)

LXII.

MODERATION IN MUSIC.

PASSION, whether great or not, must never be expressed in an exaggerated manner; and music — even in the most harrowing moment — ought never to offend the ear, but should always remain music, which desires to give pleasure.

MOZART.

LXIII.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MAJOR is the active and masculine; minor, the passive and feminine in music. Simple affections choose simple keys for expression; complex ones prefer keys which are unusual and less familiar to the ear.

SCHUMANN.

LXIV.

REASONS FOR SINGING.

AFTER you have learned to reason, young people, of course you will be very grave, if not dull, you think. By no means anything of the kind. After learning to reason, you will learn to sing, for you will want to. There is so much reason for singing in the sweet world, when one thinks rightly of it; none for grumbling, provided always you have entered in at the strait gate. You will sing all along the road then, in a little while, in a manner pleasant for other people to hear.

RUSKIN.

LXV.

THE PIANO.

THE piano is the musical charm of our social life.

A. E. LANCASTER.

LXVI.

PIANO AND QUARTETTE.

THE piano is the arena of fancy; it is also the friend to whom we confide our innermost ideas. The quartette, again, is the refined, intellectual conversation of a small and intimate circle.

MARX.

LXVII.

PERPLEXED MUSIC.

EXPERIENCE, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God's will in his worlds, the strain unfolds
In sad, perplexèd minors: deathly colds
Fall on us while we hear, and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land
With nightingales in visionary wolds.
We murmur, "Where is any certain tune
Or measured music in such notes as these?"
But angels, leaning from the golden seat,
Are not so minded; their fine ear hath won
The issue of completed cadences,
And, smiling down the stars, they whisper, — Sweet.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LXVIII.

THE WORLD A HARP.

CONSIDER it,
This outer world we tread on, as a harp, —
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,
And draw forth melody.

JEAN INGELOW. (*Dominion.*)

LXIX.

MUSIC'S SPELL.

O MIGHTY music! they who know
The witchery of thy wondrous bow,
Forget, when thy strange spells have bound them,
The visible world that lies around them.

W. M. PRAED.
(*The Bridal of Belmont.*)

LXX.

SINGING is an accomplishment we can carry with us to heaven.

MARIA L. PIZZOLI.

LXXI.

LET me die to the sounds of delicious music.

MIRABEAU.

LXXII.

MUSIC AND FAITH.

So faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords
Moving on some grand climax shake our souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds.

GEORGE ELIOT. (*A Minor Prophet.*)

LXXIII.

AN OVERTURE.

THERE was a silence.
Out across its farthest unknown rim
There fell a whispering of muffled drums.
Even as one slant ray of purple dim
Across the altar on a Sabbath comes.

Then from the highest realms of rapt harmonic sound
There came a voice of muted strings in one long breath,
Full of a solemn yearning, sweet, and so profound,
It seemed the expiring sigh of music in its death.

A simple melody of flute and reeds
Flowed softly out across the trembling air,
Full of a meaning delicate and rare;
Some said a dying maiden told her beads.

That sank. A single half-closed horn
Drew one long note like to the knell of morn;
Then once again that rapt harmonic sound,
Full of a yearning solemn and profound;
And then the muffled drums, in whispered sob,
Went out to silence with one trembling throb.

Black night, black night and sleep that are
hovering o'er us,
Shadows of death and glimmer of gloom
that we hate,
In the caverns of sound spread out in the
depths before us,
Dark as the grave and deep as the portals
of fate.

Full fifty bows leapt upward then
Across full fifty strings,
And smote them into life again
Like fifty living things.
Outspoke the cymbal's martial clang,
Outpealed the brazen horn;
And all the stricken silence rang
With mastering sound new born.

Pulses of love and passions of fire that are
swelling
Up to the lips from out of the bursting soul,
Dreams of the summer of youth that are too
sweet for telling,
Break in that thunder of sound beyond control.

Then downward, as some fair and unknown star
Goes reeling through the cloudless night,
That storm of joy fell quickly from afar,
And stayed its mighty flight.
Once more from realms of high harmonic sound
There came a voice of muted strings,
Full of a love and yearning all profound,
And dear unspoken things.

Then far across the farthest unknown rim
  Stole out the whispering of muffled drums,
Even as one slant ray of purple dim
  Across the altar on a Sabbath comes.

There was a silence.

W. J. HENDERSON.

LXXIV.

HOW OFT WHEN THOU, MY MUSICK.

How oft when thou, my musick, musick play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks,[1] that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
  Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
  Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

SHAKESPEARE.

LXXV.

PLAY always as if a master were listening.

SCHUMANN.

[1] Jacks of the virginal, — a musical instrument of the spinnet kind.

LXXVI.

AN OLD PIANO.

How still and dusky is the long-closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint perfume
Of Eastern treasures! — sandal-wood and scent,
With nard and cassia and with roses blent.
Let in the sunshine.
Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters full of hopes and plans.
I pass them by. I came once more to see
The old piano, dear to memory,
In past days mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
Its is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys as, soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago.
How strange it seems!
The thin, weak notes that once were rich and strong
Give only now the shadow of a song, —
The dying echo of a fuller strain
That I shall never, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched it! Fingers small and white,
Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight;
Dear clinging hands that long have been at rest,
Folded serenely on a quiet breast.

Only to think,
O white, sad notes, of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth, that round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string
A mighty link?

All its musicians gone beyond recall.
The beautiful, the loved, where are they all?
Each told its secrets, touched its keys and wires
To thoughts of many colors and desires
With whispering fingers.
All are silent now, the farewell said,
The last song sung, the last tear sadly shed;
Yet love has given it many dreams to keep
In this lone room, where only shadows creep
And silence lingers.

The old piano answers to my call,
And from my fingers lets the lost notes fall.
O soul that I have loved, with heavenly birth
Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth,
Its smiles and sighs?
Shall wood and metal and white ivory
Answer the touch of love with melody,
And thou forget? Dear one, not so.
I move thee yet (though how I may not know)
Beyond the skies.

AMELIA E. BARR.

LXXVII.

THE WIND-HARP.

AND that simplest lute,
Placed lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight elfins make when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-land.

COLERIDGE. (*Æolian Harp.*)

LXXVIII.

DELICIOUS DISCORDS.

BUT if there were
A music harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dreamed about,
Why, that would make our passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician.

TENNYSON. (*Sea-Dreams.*)

LXXIX.

SADNESS IN MUSIC.

EVER a current of sadness deep
Through the streams of thy triumph is heard to sweep.

MRS. HEMANS.

LXXX.

MUSIC THE HEALER.

MUSIC will some day become a powerful and acknowledged therapeutic. . . . There are moods of exhausted feeling in which certain kinds of music would act like poison. There are other kinds of music which soothe and — if I may use the word — lubricate the worn ways of the nervous centres. You will ask, what music is good for that? We reply, judgment and common-sense; and, above all, sympathy, affectional and musical sympathy, will partly be your guide, but experience must decide. Let some friend well versed in the divine art sit at the piano, and let the tired one lie on a couch and prescribe for herself or for himself. This will happen: "Do not play that *Tannhäuser* Overture just now, it wears me out; I cannot bear it." Or, "Yes, — sing that *Du bist die Ruh*, and after that I must hear Mendelssohn's *Notturno* out of the *Midsummer Night's Dream;*" and then — and then — what must come next must be left to the tact and quick sympathy of the musician. I have known cases where an hour of this treatment did more good than bottlefuls of bark or pailfuls of globules; but I do not wish to overstate the case. I merely plead for an unrecognized truth, and I point to a new vocation, — the vocation of the Musical Healer.

H. R. HAWEIS. (*Musical Memories.*)

LXXXI.

A LUTE.

I OPENED the doors of my heart. And behold,
There was music within and a song,
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating
it long.
I opened the doors of my heart. And behold,
There was music that played itself out in Æolian
notes;
Then was heard as a far-away bell at long inter-
vals tolled,
That murmurs and floats,
And presently dieth, forgotten of forest and wold,
And comes in all passion again and a tremble-
ment soft,
That maketh the listener full oft
To whisper, "Ah! would I might hear it forever
and aye,
When I toil in the heat of the day,
When I walk in the cold."

. . . . . .

Lo! or ever I was 'ware,
In the silence of the air,
Through my heart's wide-open door,
Music floated forth once more, —
Floated to the world's dark rim,
And looked over with a hymn;
Then came home with flutings fine,
And discoursed in tones divine
Of a certain grief of mine;

And went downward and went in,
Glimpses of my soul to win,
And discovered such a deep
That I could not choose but weep,
For it lay, a land-locked sea,
Fathomless and dim to me.
Oh, the song! it came and went,
Went and came.
. . . . You have heard
Also; can you find a word
For the naming of such song?
No; a name would do it wrong.
You have heard it in the night,
In the dropping rain's despite,
In the midnight darkness deep,
When the children were asleep,
And the wife, — no, let that be;
She asleep! She knows right well
What the song to you and me,
While we breathe, can never tell;
She hath heard its faultless flow,
Where the roots of music grow.

JEAN INGELOW. (*A Lily and a Lute.*)

LXXXII.

SABBATH BELLS.

SUNDAYS observe: think when the bells do chime
'T is angels' music.

HERBERT. (*The Church Porch.*)

LXXXIII.

HARMONIES.

To some full music rose and sank the sun,
And some full music seemed to move and change
With all the varied changes of the dark,
And either twilight or the day between;
For daily hope fulfilled, to rise again
Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to breathe, to wake.

TENNYSON.
(*Edwin Morris; or, The Lake.*)

LXXXIV.

SCHUBERT'S MUSIC.

SCHUBERT has tones for the most delicate shades of feeling, thoughts, even accidents and occurrences of life. Manifold though the passions and acts of men may be, as manifold is Schubert's music. That which his eye sees, his hand touches, becomes transformed to music.

SCHUMANN.

LXXXV.

MOZART'S MUSIC.

I ONLY wish I could impress on every friend of music, and on great men in particular, the same depth of musical sympathy and profound appreciation of Mozart's inimitable music that I myself feel and enjoy.

HAYDN.

LXXXVI.

ADELE AUS DER OHE.

December 23, 1886. (LISZT.)

1.

WHAT is her playing like?
'T is like the wind in wintry northern valleys.
A dream-pause, — then it rallies
And once more bends the pine-tops, shatters
The ice-crags, whitely scatters
The spray along the paths of avalanches;
Startles the blood, and every visage blanches.

2.

Half sleeps the wind above a swirling pool
That holds the trembling shadow of the trees;
Where waves too wildly rush to freeze
Though all the air is cool;
And hear, oh hear, while musically call
With nearer tinkling sounds, or distant roar,
Voices of fall on fall;
And now a swelling blast, that dies; and now —
no more, no more.

January 8, 1887. (CHOPIN.)

1.

AH, what celestial art!
And can sweet thoughts become pure tone and float,
All music, into the tranced mind and heart!

Her hand scarce stirs the singing, wiry metal,—
Hear from the wild-rose fall each perfect petal!

2.

And can we have, on earth, of heaven the whole!
Heard thoughts — the soul of inexpressible thought;
Roses of sound,
That strew melodious leaves upon the silent ground;
And music that is music's very soul,
Without one touch of earth, —
Too tender even for sorrow, too bright for mirth?

R. W. Gilder.

LXXXVII.

MUSIC IN JUNE.

But those sweet sounds are doubly sweet
In the still nights of June,
When song and silence seem to meet
Beneath the quiet moon;
Oh, then the spirit of music roves
With a delicate step through the myrtle groves!
And where is that discourteous wight
Who would not linger through the night,
Listening ever, lone and mute,
To the murmur of his mistress' lute?

W. M. Praed. (*The Troubadour.*)

LXXXVIII.

DIVINE HARMONIES.

No mere machine is Nature,
Wound up and left to play;
No wind-harp played at random
By airs that idly stray;
A spirit sways the music,
A Hand is on the chords,
Oh, bow thy head and listen, —
That hand, it is the Lord's!

MRS. CHARLES.

LXXXIX.

LISZT'S COMPOSITIONS.

NOT only is his music brilliant, not only does he pour this wealth of pearls and diamonds down the key-board, but his pieces rise to great climaxes, are grandiose in style, overleap all boundaries, and whirl you away with the vehemence of passion. Then what lightness of touch in the lesser *morceaux*, where he is often the acme of tenderness, grace, and fairy-like sportiveness, while in the melancholy ones, what subtle feeling after the emotions curled up in the remote corners of the heart! They are so rich in harmony, so weird, so wild, that when you hear them you are like a seaweed cast upon the bosom of the ocean.

AMY FAY.
(*Music-Study in Germany.*)

XC.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

THICK-RUSHING, like an ocean vast
Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the last
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,
Rising and rising momently,
As o'er a harp Æolian
A fitful breeze, until they ran
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain
Ringing in water silverly,
They lingering dropped and dropped again,
Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next would be.

LOWELL.

XCI.

PEOPLE say, "It pleased," or "It did not please," as if there were nothing higher than the art of pleasing the public!

SCHUMANN.

XCII.

LOVE teacheth music.

PLATO.

XCIII.

THE HERITAGE OF SONG.

FOR doth not song to the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow —
A heritage for all?

ANON.

XCIV.

BACH'S ST: MATTHEW PASSION MUSIC.

HARK! on this wind eternal voices ride.
Oh, hark! out of the deep mysterious East
The voices of Disciple and High-Priest,
Betrayer, and Denier, and Denied:
Strong prayers, at midnight by a streamlet side,
And broken sayings at a solemn feast;
A sea-like sound: "Barabbas be released!"
A fiercer wave: "Let Him be crucified!"

And now arise new voices blent with these,
In sober chorals, linkèd like the beads
Of some brown chaplet; breathing pieties
Of faithful souls that sifted not the creeds.
The names of those that sang the loiterer reads
In God's green acre, spired with poplar-trees.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

XCV.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

LORENZO. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
(*Enter musicians*)
Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with musick.
JESSICA. I am never merry when I hear sweet musick.
LORENZO. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Merchant of Venice.*)

XCVI.

THE GIFT OF MUSIC.

YES, music is the prophet's art,
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent!

LONGFELLOW.

XCVII.

SONG brings of itself a cheerfulness that wakes the heart to joy.

EURIPIDES.

XCVIII.

MASTER-CHORDS.

LIKE a musician that with flying finger
Startles the voice of some new instrument,
And, though he know that in one string are blent
All its extremes of sound, yet still doth linger
Among the lighter threads, fearing to start
The deep soul of that one melodious wire,
Lest it, unanswering, dash his high desire,
And spoil the hopes of his expectant heart, —
Thus with my mistress oft conversing, I
Stir every lighter theme with careless voice,
Gathering sweet music and celestial joys
From the harmonious soul o'er which I fly;
Yet o'er the one deep master-chord I hover,
And dare not stoop, fearing to tell — I love her.

WM. C. ROSCOE.

XCIX.

MUSIC CRITICISM.

How seldom do we meet with a proper amount of sympathy and knowledge, honesty and courage, in a critic, — four qualities which he ought to possess. It is therefore very sad for the realm of music that criticism, in so many respects so useful, should often be the occupation of heads by no means gifted with these qualities.

BACH.

C.

MUSIC A DISCOVERY, NOT AN INVENTION.

TALKING once with Adelaide Kemble, after she had been singing in the *Figaro*, she compared the music to the bosom of a full-blown rose in its voluptuous, intoxicating richness. I said that some of Mozart's melodies seemed to me not so much composed, but found, — found on some sunshiny day in Arcadia, among nymphs and flowers. "Yes," she replied, with ready and felicitous expression, "not *inventions*, but *existences*."

ANNA JAMESON. (*Common-Place Book.*)

CI.

LISZT'S PLAYING.

MULTITUDES of little subsidiary notes slipped in like the spray of a fountain broken in the wind. Liszt seemed scarcely to heed them; they fell about him, those wondrous passages, like magic; the noble face still looked into the air, seemed to have nothing to do with the keyboard: the soul was far away in another world. At the close, there went up the piano a something wholly indescribable, — a soft, melting flow of sound, like a gently swelling ripple, and ceased only like a spent wave, breaking on a lonely strand, and leaving a silence as of twilight and ineffable rest.

H. R. HAWEIS.

CII.

OLE BULL.

BEFORE the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought, —
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
And lulled it into peace again.

. . . . . .

The musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed;
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.

. . . . . .

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,

That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name, —
"Antonius Stradivarius."
. . . . . .
He played; at first the tones were pure
And tender as a summer night,
The full moon climbing to her height,
The sob and ripple of the seas,
The flapping of an idle sail;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale;
A tempest howling through the dark,
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,
A loud and melancholy wail.

LONGFELLOW. (*Tales of a Wayside Inn.*)

CIII.

MUSIC revives the recollections it would appease.

MADAME DE STAËL.

CIV.

THERE is something in the shapes of harps as though they had been made by music.

BAILEY.

CV.

HEARING MUSIC.

WHEN lovely sounds about my ears
  Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise
And make me, though my spirit hears,
  For very luxury close my eyes,
Let none but friends be round about
  Who love the soothing joy like me,
That so the charm be felt throughout,
    And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,
  Then let the hand of her I love
Come with its gentle palm on mine,
  As soft as snow or lighting dove;
And let, by stealth, that more than friend
  Look sweetness in my opening eyes,
For only so such dreams should end,
    Or wake in Paradise.

LEIGH HUNT.

CVI.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

WHEN the German talks of symphonies, he means Beethoven; the two names are for him one and indivisible, — his joy, his pride. As Italy has its Naples, France its Revolution, England its navigation, so Germany has its Beethoven symphonies.

SCHUMANN.

CVII.

MUSIC'S SPELL.

MUSIC! — oh, how faint, how weak!
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign —
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh, 't is only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

MOORE. (*On Music.*)

CVIII.

SPIRIT-MELODY.

BUT while he sank, far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.

GEORGE ELIOT. (*Legend of Jubal.*)

CIX.

IT is beautiful that I can sing so.

JENNY LIND.

CX.

A NOCTURNE OF RUBINSTEIN.

OPUS 69.

I.

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night hopeless, since the moon is in her grave!

Late came a glorious light
In one wide flood on spire and field and wave.
It found a flowing way
To secret places where the dead leaves lay;
It won the half-hid stream
To shy remembrance of her morning gleam;
Then on the sky's sharp shore
Rolled back, a fading tide, and was no more,—
No more on spire and ivied window bright!
No more on field and wave!

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night hopeless, since the moon is in her grave!

II.

Dumb waits the dim broad land,
Like one who hears, yet cannot understand,
Tidings of grief to come.
The woods and waters, with the winds, are dumb.

But now a breeze has found
Sorrowful voice, and sobs along the ground:
"Oh the lost light, the last, the best lost light!
No more on fields and wave!"

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night hopeless, since the moon is in her grave!

III.

Hark how the wind outswells!
Tempting the wood's dark heart till he rebels,
And, shaking his black hair,
Lifts up a cry of passion and despair!
The groaning branches chafe
Till scarce the small, hushed singing-birds are safe,
Tossed rocking in the nest,
Like gentle memories in a stormy breast.
A shudder, as good angels passed in flight,
Thrills over field and wave!

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night lawless, while the moon is in her grave!

IV.

There falls a mighty hush:
And forth from far recesses fern-scents rush,
Faint as a waft from years

Long past; they touch in heaven the springs
of tears.
In great drops, slow and warm,
Breaks all at once the spirit of the storm.

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night grieving, while the moon is in her grave!

V.

Behold! the rain is over: on the wave
A new, a flashing light!
Lo! she arises calm,
The pale, the patient moon, and pours like balm
Through the wet wood's wrecked aisle
Her own unutterably tender smile!

There is no calm like that when storm is done;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.

Naught now remains, naught now remains but night,—
Night peaceful, with the moon on field and wave.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

CXI.

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY.

THE mind's deep history here in tones is wrought,
The faith, the struggles of the aspiring soul,
The confidence of youth, the chill control
Of manhood's doubts by stern experience taught;
Alternate moods of bold and timorous thought,
Sunshine and shadow — cloud and aureole;
The failing foothold as the shining goal
Appears, and truth so long, so fondly sought
Is blurred and dimmed. Again and yet again
The exulting march resounds. We must win now!
Slowly the doubts dissolve in clearer air.
Bolder and grander the triumphal strain
Ascends. Heaven's light is glancing on the brow,
And turns to boundless hope the old despair.

C. P. CRANCH.

CXII.

LINDPAINTNER THE CONDUCTOR.

LINDPAINTNER is, in my belief, the best conductor in Germany; it is as if he played the whole orchestra with his baton alone; and he is very industrious.

MENDELSSOHN.

CXIII.

ESSIPOFF.

I.

WHAT is her playing like?
I ask — while dreaming here under her music's power.
'T is like the leaves of the dark passion-flower
Which grows on a strong vine whose roots, oh, deep they sink,
Deep in the ground, that flower's pure life to drink.

II.

What is her playing like?
'T is like a bird
Who, singing in a wild-wood, never knows
That its lone melody is heard
By wandering mortal, who forgets his heavy woes.

R. W. GILDER.

CXIV.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN MUSIC.

ONE must hear Italian music among the Italians; German music may be enjoyed under any heaven.

SCHUMANN.

CXV.

TAKE BACK THE LUTE.

VAIN, vain! — take back the lute! I see
Its chords were never meant for me.
For thine own song, for thine own hand,
That lute was strung in fairy-land;
And if a stranger's thumb should fling
Its rude touch o'er one golden string, —
Good-night to all the music in it!
The string would crack in half a minute.
Take back the lute!

W. M. PRAED.

CXVI.

WOMAN'S SONG.

ALL the elements which woman has in her nature — love, pathos, passion, poetry, and religion — combine to perfect her song, and give fitting expression to the ideas of the masters. Woman's song is the first sound the child hears. May we not fancy that when the child has grown to old age, it is still the song of woman which, though inaudible to those standing around, kindles a smile upon the dying face, and brings a look of recognition to the eyes, as if they beheld once more the old familiar face of the mother, and heard the familiar voice which sung to the old man when all his world was contained in the hollow of a cradle?

GEORGE P. UPTON. (*Woman in Music.*)

CXVII.

MY SOUL IS AN ENCHANTED BOAT.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions,
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the wave doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

SHELLEY. (*Prometheus Unbound.*)

CXVIII.

THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

THE soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

ROGERS. (*Human Life.*)

CXIX.

TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK YOUTH.

CHARMS that call down the moon from out her sphere,
On this sick youth work your enchantments here!
Bind up his senses with your numbers so
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
Lost in the civill wildernesse of sleep:
That done, then let him, dispossest of paine,
Like to a slumbering bride, awake againe.

HERRICK.

CXX.

MUSIC THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

MY language is understood all over the world.

HAYDN.

CXXI.

THE SINGER'S PLEA.

WHY do I sing? I know not why, my friend;
The ancient rivers, rivers of renown,
A royal largess to the sea roll down,
And on those liberal highways nations send
Their tributes to the world, — stored corn and wine,
Gold-dust, the wealth of pearls, and orient spar,
And myrrh, and ivory, and cinnabar,
And dyes to make a presence-chamber shine.
But in the woodlands, where the wild-flowers are,
The rivulets, they must have their innocent will,
Who all the summer hours are singing still,
The birds care for them, and sometimes a star,
And should a tired child rest beside the stream
Sweet memories would slide into his dream.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

CXXII.

THE BLISS OF MUSIC.

AT first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then with swelling heart
Felt, this was his own being's greater part.

GEORGE ELIOT. (*Legend of Jubal.*)

CXXIII.

TO EUTERPE.

SPEEDE these verses to y^e^ mayde
Wh^o^, with 8 sisters, dwelleth
On fabled mount, in classick shade,
& all of them excelleth;
Goe tel Her men have ever payde
Homage to Her, but y^t^ I
Love Her & my soul hath sayde
I^t^ *must* or love, or die.

Pleade with Her to sweetly sing
Daintie measure to H^er^ Lute; —
S^aye^ my heart goes sorrowing
Whanne Musick's muse is mute:
I^f^ Her fyngers brush y^e^ strynge
Earth's harsh dischords harmonyze
& y^e^ angells, listening,
Clapp Her in y^e^ skies.

All my Rime is out of tune,
But Euterpe is soe skilled
S^he^ could mende it very soon
I^f^ Euterpe willed:
Would y^t^ skye-lark's song of June
Were *my* song for, were it, I'd
Woo Her 'neathe y^e^ silver moon
& win Her for my Bryde.

JOSEPH WALWORTH SUTPHEN.

CXXIV.

BROKEN MUSIC.

THE mother will not turn who thinks she hears
Her nursling's speech first grow articulate;
But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and fears
Thus oft my soul has hearkened; till the song,
A central moan for days, at length found tongue,
And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.

But now, whatever while the soul is fain
To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low importunate strain, —
No breath of song, thy voice alone is there,
O bitterly beloved! and all her gain
Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

ROSSETTI.

CXXV.

MUSIC THE FOOD OF LOVE.

GIVE me some music! music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Antony and Cleopatra.*)

CXXVI.

SCHUMANN'S KINDER-SCENEN.

THE spirit of the Ingle-nook
Has come to lead me forth,
To wonder at the leaping brook,
The wind from out the north;

To wander with Haroun the great
Through groves of Eastern scent,
To watch, beyond the garden gate,
The birds fly, skyward bent;

To lie amid the grass, and dream
Each slim and spreading spire
A tufted palm, lit by the gleam
Of distant heavens' fire;

To dream and dream of things beyond
The gate, — beyond to-day, —
Until upon the miller's pond
The low red light shall play.

And then when all my dreams shall swim
To murmuring of the brook,
I shall be led from twilight dim
Back to the Ingle-nook.

H. C. BUNNER.

CXXVII.

GIVE me some music; look that it be sad!

DRYDEN.

CXXVIII.

LINKÉD SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.

AND ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout,
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out.

MILTON. (*L'Allegro.*)

CXXIX.

WHERE MUSIC DWELLS.

WHERE music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

WORDSWORTH.
(*Sonnets: Inside King's Chapel, Cambridge.*)

CXXX.

MODERATION IN MUSIC.

WHEN ladies sing, or in thy presence play,
Do not, dear John, in rapture melt away:
'T is not thy part; there will be listeners round
To cry divine, and doat upon the sound:
Remember, too, that though the poor have ears,
They take not in the music of the spheres.

CRABBE.

CXXXI.

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

BUT the gentlest of all are those sounds full of feeling
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing, —
Some lover who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in the magical hour.
Oh, best of delights as it everywhere is,
To be near the loved One, what a rapture is his
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O'er the lake of Cashmere, with that One by his side.

MOORE. (*Lalla Rookh.*)

CXXXII.

DELICIOUS sounds! those little bright-eyed things
That float about the air on azure wings.

KEATS. (*Calidore.*)

CXXXIII.

THOU hast a little harp;
How sweetly would it swell the angels' song!
Lend me that harp.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

CXXXIV.

CHOPIN.

I.

A DREAM of interlinking hands, of feet
Tireless to spin the unseen fairy woof
Of the entangling waltz. Bright eyebeams meet,
Gay laughter echoes from the vaulted roof,
Warm perfumes rise; the soft unflickering glow
Of branching lights sets off the changeful charms
Of glancing gems, rich stuffs, the dazzling snow
Of necks unkerchieft, and bare, clinging arms.
Hark to the music! How beneath the strain
Of reckless revelry vibrates and sobs
One fundamental chord of constant pain,
The pulse-beat of the poet's heart that throbs.
So yearns, though all the dancing waves rejoice,
The troubled sea's disconsolate, deep voice.

II.

Who shall proclaim the golden fable false
Of Orpheus's miracles? This subtle strain
Above our prose-world's sordid loss and gain
Lightly uplifts us. With the rhythmic waltz,
The lyric prelude, the nocturnal song
Of love and languor, varied visions rise,

That melt and blend to our enchanted eyes.
The Polish poet who sleeps silenced long,
The seraph-souled musician, breathes again
Eternal eloquence, immortal pain.
Revived the exalted face we know so well,
The illuminated eyes, the fragile frame,
Slowly consuming with its inward flame,
We stir not, speak not, lest we break the spell.

III.

A voice was needed, sweet and true and fine
As the sad spirit of the evening breeze,
Throbbing with human passion, yet divine
As the wild bird's untutored melodies.
A voice for him 'neath twilight heavens dim,
Who mourneth for his dead, while round him fall
The wan and noiseless leaves. A voice for him
Who sees the first green sprout, who hears the call
Of the first robin on the first spring day.
A voice for all whom Fate hath set apart,
Who, still misprized, must perish by the way,
Longing with love, for that they lack the art
Of their own soul's expression. For all these
Sing the unspoken hope, the vague, sad reveries.

IV.

Then Nature shaped a poet's heart, — a lyre
From out whose chords the lightest breeze that blows

Drew trembling music, wakening sweet desire.
How shall she cherish him? Behold! she
throws
This precious, fragile treasure in the whirl
Of seething passions; he is scourged and
stung,
Must dive in storm-vext seas, if but one pearl
Of art or beauty therefrom may be wrung.
No pure-browed pensive nymph his Muse shall
be,
An amazon of thought with sovereign eyes,
Whose kiss was poison, man-brained, worldly-
wise,
Inspired that elfin, delicate harmony.
Rich gain for us! But with him is it well?
The poet who must sound earth, heaven, and
hell!

EMMA LAZARUS.

CXXXV.

PROGRESS IN MUSIC.

YE pedlers in art, do ye not sink into the earth when ye are reminded of the words of Beethoven on his dying bed, "I believe I am yet but at the beginning"?

SCHUMANN.

CXXXVI.

A SONG will outlive all sermons in the memory.

H. GILES.

CXXXVII.

MUSIC'S SPELL.

THEN I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

CXXXVIII.

MUSIC in the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Richard II.*)

CXXXIX.

SINGING is all we know they do above.

WALLER.

CXL.

SHE LONGED FOR MUSIC.

SHE longed for music: that was natural;
Physicians said it was medicinal;
The humors might be schooled by true consent
Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;
In brief, good music, mixed with doctor's stuff,
Apollo with Asklepios — enough!
Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.
(He was a singer of most gentle fame, —
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate
That he was famous, but the song was great —
Would sing as finely to this suffering child
As at the court where princes on him smiled.)
Gently he entered and sat down by her,
Asking what sort of strain she would prefer, —
The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;
Then, when she chose the last, he preluded
With magic hand, that summoned from the strings
Aerial spirits, rare yet vibrant wings
That fanned the pulses of his listener,
And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.
Her cheek already showed a slow faint blush,
But soon the voice, in pure, full, liquid rush,
Made all the passion, that till now she felt,
Seem but cool waters that in warmer melt.

. . . . . .

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,
And yet a rounded, perfect melody,

Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes
Of little child at little miseries.
Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,
Like rising light that broad and broader grows,
It filled the hall, and so possessed the air
That not one breathing soul was present there,
Though dullest, slowest, but was quivering
In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.

GEORGE ELIOT.
(*How Lisa Loved the King.*)

CXLI.

MUSIC THE GIFT OF GOD.

OFTEN have I said from my very soul with Luther, — and will here say again, — "Music is a fair and glorious gift of God. I would not for the world forego my humble share of it."

THIBAUT.

CXLII.

MUSIC AND THE UNSEEN WORLD.

MUSIC moves us and we know not why; we feel the tears and cannot trace the source. Is it the language of some other state, born of its memory? For what can wake the soul's strong instinct of another world like music?

MISS LANDON.

CXLIII.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANO.

Our friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
  Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
  And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss,
  Outvalues thee:
Love only, wakened with a kiss,
  More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
  In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
  A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
  And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tightened breast,
  Comes for a tear.

Oh, since few joys of human mould
  Thus wait us still,
Thrice blessed be thine, thou gentle fold
  Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
  In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet, —
  Thine answer, kind.

Leigh Hunt.

CXLIV.

THE "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

IN his *Songs without Words*, Mendelssohn gives us his innermost ideas, and these are full of moral purity and poetic charm. For these reasons, the Songs have made their way into every musical household; and, as musical pictures, possess sweet melody and delicious harmonies.

PAUER.

CXLV.

MUSIC'S JOY AND GRIEF.

MY sense was filled
With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music winged instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once.

KEATS. (*Hyperion.*)

CXLVI.

LIKE some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it.

COLERIDGE.

CXLVII.

HER GUITAR.

By the fire that loves to tint her
  Cheeks the color of a rose,
While the wanton winds of winter
  Lose the landscape in the snows, —
While the air grows keen and bitter,
  And the clean-cut silver stars
Tremble in the cold and glitter
  Through the twilight's dusky bars, —
In a cosey room where lingers
  Happy Time on folded wings,
I am watching five white fingers
  Float across six slender strings
Of an old guitar, held lightly, —
  Captivated while she sets,
Here and there, five others tightly
    On the frets.

Lost in loving contemplation
  Of the fair, shy, girlish face
Conscious of no admiration,
  Posed with such a charming grace
O'er this instrument some Spanish
  Serenader used to keep
Hidden till the sun would vanish
  And the birds were fast asleep;
Who, below his loved one's casement,
  With the mellow Southern moon
Through a leafy interlacement
  Shining softly, thrummed a tune:

Did she answer it, I wonder?
  Did she frame a sweet reply?
Did she grant the wish made under
    Such a sky?

This I know, if she had listened
  To the melody I 've heard,
Mute confessions must have glistened
  In her eyes at every word;
And the very stars above her
  Must have whispered, one by one,
Something sentimental of her
  When the serenade was done.
For this music has but ended,
  And I leave my dreams to find
With the notes are somehow blended
  Like confessions of my mind;
And the gentle girl who guesses
  What these broken secrets are,
Is the one whose arm caresses
    This guitar.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.
(*Madrigals and Catches.*)

CXLVIII.

THE DELIGHT OF THE COMPOSER.

BELIEVE me, there is no greater delight than the completely uncritical frame of mind of the artist while creating.

WAGNER.

CXLIX.

TRANSITORY STRAINS.

FOR mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly.

MOORE. (*Lalla Rookh*)

CL.

WOMAN IN MUSIC.

MAN may be the intellect of music: Woman is its heart and soul. What she has not done *with* music matters little compared with the great glory and beauty she has given *to* music. By the side of the great composers, in equal glory and fame, should be placed such women as Constance Weber, Fanny Mendelssohn, Bettina von Arnim, Madame Voigt, the friend of Schumann, Cosima Wagner, Delphine Potocka, Clara Schumann, Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and those others who have elevated music to greater heights by inspiring its creation, and giving it to the world through the medium of the voice.

GEORGE P. UPTON. (*Woman in Music.*)

CLI.

MANY mighty harmonies have been discoursed by instruments that had been dumb or discordant, but that God knew their stops.

RUSKIN.

CLII.

TO A LADY PLAYING THE CITHERN.

So dreamy-soft the notes, so far away
They seem to fall, the horns of Oberon
Blow their faint Hunt's-up from the good time gone;
Or, on a morning of long-withered May,
Larks tinkle unseen o'er Claudian arches gray,
That Rome-ward crawl from Dreamland; and anon
My fancy flings her cloak of Darkness on,
To vanish from the dungeon of To-day.
In happier times and scenes I seem to be,
And, as her fingers flutter o'er the strings,
The days return when I was young as she,
And my fledged thoughts began to feel their wings
With all Heaven's blue before them: Memory
Or Music is it such enchantment sings?

LOWELL.

CLIII.

HE is dead, the sweet musician!
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music!

LONGFELLOW. (*Hiawatha.*)

CLIV.

So love was crowned, but music won the cause.

DRYDEN. (*Alexander's Feast.*)

CLV.

MUSIC'S REFINING POWER.

A DULL man, to whom the conceptions of the grandest master of instrumental music are incomprehensible, — to whom Beethoven unlocks no portal in heaven, — suddenly hears the human voice of the human singer, and at the sound of that voice the walls that enclosed him fall. He of himself, poor man, can make nothing of it. He cannot say, "I am an inch nearer to heaven," but the feeling that he *is* an inch nearer to heaven, abides with him. Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and, in being nearer to heaven, he is stronger for earth.

BULWER-LYTTON. (*The Parisians.*)

CLVI.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

MUSIC can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.

ADDISON.

CLVII.

THE songs of musicians are able to change the feelings and conditions of a state.

CICERO.

CLVIII.

WOMEN AND MUSIC.

THE emotional force in women is usually stronger, and always more delicate, than in men. Their constitutions are like those fine violins which vibrate to the lightest touch. Women are the great listeners, not only to eloquence but also to music. The wind has swept many an Æolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as a woman's soul. In listening to music, her face is often lighted up with tenderness, with mirth, or with the simple expansiveness of intense pleasure. Her attitude changes unconsciously with the truest, because the most natural, dramatic feeling. . . . The woman's temperament is naturally artistic, not in a creative, but in a receptive sense.

H. R. HAWEIS. (*Music and Morals.*)

CLIX.

HAVE you real talent, — real feeling for art? Then study music, — do something worthy of the art, — and dedicate your whole soul to the beloved saint.

LONGFELLOW.

CLX.

MUSIC is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

CLXI.

A SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come,
Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

. . . . . .

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

CLXII.

TO A FACE AT A CONCERT.

When the low music makes a dusk of sound
About us, and the viol or far-off horn
Swells out above it like a wind forlorn,
That wanders seeking something never found,
What phantom in your brain, on what dim ground,
Traces its shadowy lines? What vision, born
Of unfulfilment, fades in mere self-scorn,
Or grows, from that still twilight stealing round?
When the lids droop and the hands lie unstrung,
Dare one divine your dream, while the chords weave
Their cloudy woof from key to key, and die, —
Is it one fate that, since the world was young,
Has followed man, and makes him half believe
The voice of instruments a human cry?

E. R. Sill.

CLXIII.

THE FAIR MUSICIAN.

She warbled Handel; it was grand —
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

W. M. Praed. (*The Belle of the Ball.*)

CLXIV.

MUSIC AND WORDS.

I.

THIS day I heard such music that I thought,
Hath human speech the power thus to be wrought
Into such melody; pure, sensuous sound, —
Into such mellow, murmuring mazes caught;
Can words (I said), when these keen tones are bound
(Silent, except in memory of this hour), —
Can human words alone usurp the power
Of trembling strings that thrill to the very soul,
And of this ecstasy bring back the whole?

II.

Ah no, 't was answered in my inmost heart,
Unto itself sufficient is each art,
And each doth utter what none other can, —
Some hidden mood of the large soul of man.
Ah, think not thou with words well interweaved
To wake the tones wherein the viol grieved
With its most heavy burden; think not thou,
Adventurous, to push thy shallop's prow
Into that surge of well-remembered tones, —
Striving to match each wandering wind that moans,
Each bell that tolls, and every bugle's blowing
With some most fitting word, some verse bestowing
A never-shifting form on that which passed
Swift as a bird that glimmers down the blast.

III.

So, still unworded, save in memory mute,
Rest thou sweet hour of viol and of lute;
Of thoughts that never, never can be spoken,
Too frail for the rough usage of men's words, —
Thoughts that shall keep their silence all unbroken
Till music once more stirs them, — then like birds
That in the night-time slumber, they shall wake,
While all the leaves of all the forest shake!
Oh, hark! I hear it now, that tender strain,
Fulfilled with all of sorrow save its pain.

R. W. GILDER.

CLXV.

HEAVEN IN MUSIC.

THERE let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthem clear,
As may, with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

MILTON. (*Il Penseroso.*)

CLXVI.

FIRE FROM MAN, TEARS FROM WOMAN.

MUSIC should strike fire from the heart of man and bring tears from the eyes of woman.

BEETHOVEN.

CLXVII.

PAGANINI.

So played of late to every passing thought
With finest change (might I but half as well
So write!) the pale musician of the bow,
Who brought from Italy the tales, made true,
Of Grecian lyres; and on his sphery hand,
Loading the air with dumb expectancy,
Suspended, ere it fell, a nation's breath.

He smote, — and clinging to the serious chords
With godlike ravishment, drew forth a breath,
So deep, so strong, so fervid thick with love,
Blissful, yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearned with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove.

The exceeding mystery of the loveliness
Saddened delight; and with his mournful look,
Dreary and gaunt, hanging his pallid face,
'Twixt his dark flowing locks, he almost seemed,
To feeble or to melancholy eyes,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret lived forlorn.

But true and earnest, all too happily
That skill dwelt in him, serious with its joy;
For now he smote the exulting strings,
And bade them march before his stately will;

And now he loved them like a cheek, and laid
Endearment on them, and took pity sweet.
. . . . . .
He drew, as if from thoughts finer than hope,
Comfort around him in ear-soothing strains
And elegant composure; or he turned,
To heaven instead of earth, and raised a prayer
So earnest vehement, yet so lowly sad,
Mighty with want and all poor human tears,
That never saint, wrestling with earthly love,
Tore down from heaven such pity.
And then with show of skill mechanical,
Marvellous as witchcraft, he would overthrow
That vision with a shower of notes like hail,
Or sudden mixtures of all difficult things
Never yet heard; flashing the sharp tones now,
In downward leaps like swords; now rising fine
Into some utmost tip of minute sound,
From whence he stepped into a higher and higher
On viewless points, till laugh took leave of him.
Then from one chord of his amazing shell
Would he fetch out the voice of choirs, and weight
Of the built organ; or some twofold strain
Moving before him in sweet-going yoke,
Ride like an Eastern conqueror, round whose state
Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar;
And ever and anon o'er these he 'd throw
Jets of small notes like pearl, or like the pelt
Of lovers' sweetmeats on Italian lutes

From windows on a feast-day, or the leaps
Of pebbled water, sprinkled in the sun,
One chord affecting all: — and when the ear
Felt there was nothing present but himself
And silence, and the wonder drew deep sighs,
Then would his bow lie down again in tears,
And speak to some one in a prayer of love,
Endless, and never from his heart to go:
Or he would talk as of some secret bliss,
And at the close of all the wonderment
(Which himself shared) near and more near would come
Into the inmost ear, and whisper there
Breathings so soft, so low, so full of life,
Touched beyond sense, and only to be borne
By pauses which made each less bearable,
That out of pure necessity for relief
From that heaped joy, and bliss that laughed for pain,
The thunder of the uprolling house came down,
And bowed the breathing sorcerer into smiles.

LEIGH HUNT.

CLXVIII.

GENIUS IN MUSIC.

WHERE there is genius, it does not much matter in what manner it appears, — whether in the depth, as in Bach, or in the height, as in Mozart, or whether alike in depth and in height, as in Beethoven.

SCHUMANN.

CLXIX.

SUPERIORITY OF VOCAL MUSIC.

I AM sure if anything on earth can give an idea of the angelic choir, it must be the music of Palestrina. And yet I do not forget the glorious effect of Handel; but all music to which instruments contribute must be a degree more earthly than that in which human voices are alone to themselves sufficient, where nothing mechanical is needed.

BARONESS BUNSEN.

CLXX.

NATURE'S MUSIC-SCORE.

AS printed staves of thankful Nature's hymn,
The fence of rails a soothing grace devotes,
With clinging vines for bass and treble clefs,
And wrens and robins here and there for notes
Spread out in bars, at equal distance met,
As though the whole bright summer scene were set
To the muttered melody of Rest.

ANON.

CLXXI.

MUSIC washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.

AUERBACH.

CLXXII.

THE LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
And it seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexing meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

CLXXIII.

THE MYSTERY OF SONG.

THE sound
Of music that is born of human breath,
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make.
As he sang —
Of what I know not, but the music touched
Each chord of being — I felt my secret life
Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns
To drink the summer rain; and at the call
Of those refreshing waters all my thought
Stir from its dark and secret depths, and burst
Into sweet, odorous flowers, and from their wells
Deep call to deep, and all the mystery
Of all that is, laid open.

ANON.

CLXXIV.

THERE is something deep and good in melody, for body and soul go strangely together.

CARLYLE.

CLXXV.

IN THE CHOIR.

ALL bygone memories have their dwelling
In this vast shadow of ancient stone,
In the sound of music, slowly swelling
Through sombre arches and alleys lone.
So strange the tones from the organ flowing,
One half could fancy the player sees
Musicians passed from our earthly knowing,
Who throng in silence about the keys.
The old, old chords in his chords are blended,
And phantom fingers his hands control;
Their life on earth, till all song be ended,
Shall yet endure in the Master's soul.

The many given to music wholly,
Who won renown in their land and day,
Now dwindled to names that perish slowly,
On the tide of ages borne away,
Like those of our time who toil, aspire,
Rekindle with passion the strains of old,
Their whole lives mount to their soul's desire,
And leave a fame that will soon grow cold.
Their resting-place may none discover,
Where the deft hands lie below the sod.
Grant, when their music on earth is over,
They have a place in the choir of God.

MAY KENDALL.

CLXXVI.

"WITH PIPE AND FLUTE."

WITH pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet for man;
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd, —
The rolling river slowlier ran.

Ah! would, — ah! would, a little span,
Some air of Arcady could fan
This age of ours, too seldom stirred
With pipe and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan;
And from Beersheba unto Dan,
Apollo's self might pass unheard,
Or find the night-jar's note preferred; —
Not so it fared, when time began,
With pipe and flute!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CLXXVII.

TEACH CHILDREN MUSIC.

HAD I children, my utmost endeavors would be to make them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor even thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection.

WALPOLE.

CLXXVIII.

THE VIOLIN.

BEFORE the listening world behold him stand,
The warm air trembles with his passionate play;
Their cheers shower round him like the ocean spray
Round one who waits upon the stormy strand.
Their smiles, sighs, tears are all at his command:
And now they hear the trump of judgment bray,
And now one silver note to heaven doth stray
And fluttering fall upon the golden sand.
But like the murmur of the distant sea
Their loud applause, and far off, faint and weak
Sounds his own music to him, wild and free —
Far from the soul of music that doth speak
In wordless wail and joyful ecstasy
From that good viol pressed against his cheek.

R. W. GILDER.

CLXXIX.

MADNESS IN MUSIC.

THIS music mads me; let it sound no more;
For tho' it have help'd madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it would make wise men mad.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Richard II.*)

CLXXX.

LISZT AND JOACHIM.

JOACHIM is on the violin what Liszt is on the piano, and is the only artist worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with him. Like Liszt, he so vitalizes everything that I have to take him in all over again every time I hear him. I am always astonished, amazed, and delighted afresh, and even as I listen I can hardly believe that the man can play so! But Liszt, in addition to his marvellous playing, has this unique and imposing personality, whereas at first Joachim is not specially striking. Liszt's face is all a play of feature, a glow of fancy, a blaze of imagination; whereas Joachim is absorbed in his violin, and his face has only an expression of fine discrimination, and of intense solicitude to produce his artistic effects. Liszt never looks at his instrument; Joachim never looks at anything else.

AMY FAY.
(*Music Study in Germany.*)

CLXXXI.

THE MAGIC OF SWEET SOUNDS.

IT is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!

SOUTHEY. (*The Soldier's Funeral.*)

CLXXXII.

NOCTURNE.

MAIDEN, while thy fairy fingers
Free those prisoned harmonies,
While thy left hand softly lingers,
And thy right skims o'er the keys,
Darting as hussars manœuvre,
Skirmishing in mazy drill,
Swift to scatter, and recover
Order at their leader's will;

Dreamily I hear two voices,
One in fervent tones of prayer,
One that sparkles and rejoices
As a skylark in the air,
With so wild a jubilation
That its carol seems a taunt,
Till a sterner modulation
Drops it to the dominant.

Then a dialogue more tender
'Twixt the wooer and the wooed,
Where the latter vows to mend her
Wayward petulance of mood;
And the manly voice responding
Breathes a rapture of content,
As through chords with joy resounding
Both in unison are blent.

Through the moonlit fir-trees playing,
Murmuringly the roving breeze

Kisses the white fingers swaying
Pensively the ivory keys,
Cools my brow and soothes the beating
Of this scarred and crippled heart,
Still, despite experience, cheating
Me with fond delusive art.

Cheating me with phantoms thronging
Dimly up from days of yore,
Shapes of loveliness and longing
Dead and gone forevermore.
And as wizards from the ashes
Of the rose evoke its grace,
I recall the spectral flashes
Of a once all-radiant face.

SAMUEL WARD.

CLXXXIII.

VIRTUE IN MUSIC.

THERE is no doubt that the seed of many virtues is in such hearts as are devoted to music; those who are not touched by music, I hold to be like stocks and stones.

LUTHER.

CLXXXIV.

THE silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.

EMERSON.

CLXXXV.

M. P. C. THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
  Where the sweet wailing singers slumber, —
But o'er their silent sister's breast
  The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
  And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
  But die with all their music in them!

. . . . . .

Oh hearts that break and give no sign
  Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine
  Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses;
If singing breath or echoing chord
  To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
  As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

O. W. Holmes.

CLXXXVI.

But many days have passed since last my heart
Was warmed luxuriously by divine Mozart;
By Arne delighted, or by Handel maddened;
Or by the song of Erin pierced and saddened;
What time you were before the Music sitting,
And the rich notes to each sensation fitting.

Keats. (*Epistle to C. C. Clarke.*)

CLXXXVII.

OLD SCOTCH SONGS.

THEY sang those wailing old Scotch songs that set
The heart-strings all a-tremble for their harp:
In which melodious passion breaks its heart
Forevermore.

GERALD MASSEY.

CLXXXVIII.

SCHUBERT'S MUSIC.

No!
Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.

GEORGE ELIOT. (*Armgart.*)

CLXXXIX.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE MUSIC.

JUST as a writer who speaks to the heart is sure to please, so is a composer who gives the player something which he can play and enjoy himself, and make others enjoy too.

ZELTER.

CXC.

TRULY, Schubert is animated by a spark of the divine fire!

BEETHOVEN.

CXCI.

THE LUTE'S CONFESSION.

FROM a case she drew
With snowy hands the pieces of her lute,
And took her seat before me. As it grew
To perfect shape, her lovely arms she bent
Around the neck of the sweet instrument,
Till from her soft caresses it awoke
To consciousness, and thus its rapture spoke:
"I was a tree within an Indian vale,
When first I heard the love-sick nightingale
Declare his passion: every leaf was stirred
With the melodious sorrow of the bird,
And when he ceased, the song remained with me.
Men came anon, and felled the harmless tree,
But from the memory of the songs I heard,
The spoiler saved me from the destiny
Whereby my brethren perished. O'er the sea
I came, and from its loud, tumultuous moan
I caught a soft and solemn undertone;
And when I grew beneath the maker's hand
To what thou seest, he sang (the while he planned)
The mirthful measures of a careless heart,
And of my soul his songs became a part.
Now they have laid my head upon a breast
Whiter than marble, I am wholly blest.
The fair hands smite me, and my strings complain
With such melodious cries, they smite again,

Until, with passion and with sorrow swayed,
My torment moves the bosom of the maid,
Who hears it speak her own. I am the voice
Whereby the lovers languish or rejoice;
And they caress me, knowing that my strain
Alone can speak the language of their pain."

Here ceased the fingers of the maid to stray
Over the strings; the sweet song died away
In mellow, drowsy murmurs, and the lute
Leaned on her fairest bosom and was mute.
Better than wine that music was to me:
Not the lute only felt her hands, but she
Played on my heart-strings, till the sounds became
Incarnate in the pulses of my frame.
Speech left my tongue, and in my tears alone
Found utterance.

BAYARD TAYLOR.
(*Hassan Ben Khaled.*)

CXCII.

SINCE singing is so good a thing
I wish all men would learn to sing.

T. BALDWIN.

CXCIII.

LISZT.

THERE is only one pianist, — Liszt.

RUBINSTEIN.

CXCIV.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

SING, poets, as ye list, of fields, of flowers,
Of changing seasons with their brilliant round
Of keen delights, or themes still more profound —
Where soul through sense transmutes this world of ours.
There is a life intense beyond your powers
Of utterance, which the ear alone has found
In the aerial fields of rhythmic sound, —
The inviolate pathways and air-woven bowers
Built by entwining melodies and chords.
Ah, could I find some correspondent sign
Matching such wondrous art with fitting words!
But vain the task. Within his hallowed shrine
Apollo veils his face. No muse records
In human speech such mysteries divine.

C. P. CRANCH.

CXCV.

MUSIC is not a science any more than poetry is. It is a sublime instinct, like genius of all kinds.

OUIDA.

CXCVI.

SENTIMENTALLY I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune.

LAMB.

CXCVII.

THE SUBTLETY OF MUSIC.

It is a strange thing, the subtle form and conditions of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, it is not there; when he has committed it to paper, it is not there; when he has called together his orchestra and choristers from the north and south, it is there, but it is gone again when they disappear. It has always, as it were, to put on immortality afresh. It is forever being born anew, — born, indeed, to die and leave dead notes and dumb instruments behind.

Lady Eastlake.

CXCVIII.

THE MINOR KEY.

As long as Love continues the most imperious passion, and Death the surest fact of our mingled and marvellous humanity, — so long will the sweetest and truest Music on earth be ever in the minor key.

Anon.

CXCIX.

DEVOTIONAL MUSIC.

Music can move or melt an audience, and ought therefore to be made a powerful auxiliary to the faithful preacher.

Lowell Mason.

CC.

THE DOMINANT CHORD.

THE master had been teaching. Then I heard
Him touch a single note low in the scale,
And say, "Now find a harmonizing chord,
All strength and sweetness; but let this prevail."
One timid tried, — 't was plaintive minor wailing;
One boldly struck a sharp discordant strain;
One smote a chord — the dominant prevailing —
And joyed the note's new life and power to gain.

Our Master has been teaching. He has given
Us all a chosen note, low in life's scale,
Bidding us seek its harmonies for heaven, —
Oh, what dire shame and discord should we fail!
Doubt, Fear, and Self are not the notes we want, —
Trust, Hope, and Love swell high and jubilant.
Oh glorious chord, — chord of the dominant!

ANON.

CCI.

THE piano is the greatest love-maker in the world.

J. JAHN.

CCII.

"MUSICK TO HEAR."

MUSICK to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none."

SHAKESPEARE.

CCIII.

BEETHOVEN.

BEETHOVEN! how much lies in that word! In the deep tone of the syllables there seems to sound a presentiment of immortality. I even think no other written characters but these would suit his name.

SCHUMANN.

CCIV.

TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR.

TAKE
This slave of music for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain.
. . . . . .
The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it hath learned all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills;
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit

Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our beloved friend alone.

SHELLEY.

CCV.

UNFASHIONABLE AIRS.

WE shut our hearts up, nowadays,
Like some old music-box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
Derisive pity;
Alas, — a nothing starts the spring;
And lo, the sentimental thing
At once commences, quavering
Its lover's ditty.

AUSTIN DOBSON. (*A Gage d'Amour.*)

CCVI.

THE ETERNAL HARMONIES.

WE are what Zeus made us, discords playing
In the great Music, but the harmony
Is sweeter for them, and the great spheres ring
In one accordant hymn.

ANON.

CCVII.

THE REVELATIONS OF MUSIC.

MUSIC alone ushers man into the portal of an intellectual world, ready to encompass him, but which he may never encompass. That mind alone whose every thought is rhythm can embody music, can comprehend its mysteries, its divine inspirations, and can alone speak to the senses of its intellectual revelations.

BEETHOVEN.

CCVIII.

CHORUS OF THE REDEEMED.

OUR harp-notes shall be sweeter,
Our trumpet-tones more clear,
Our anthem ring so grandly,
That all the world must hear!
Oh royal be our music,
For who hath cause to sing
Like the chorus of redeemed ones,
The Children of the King!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

CCIX.

HAPPINESS FROM MUSIC.

ALL musical people seem to be happy. It is the engrossing pursuit, — almost the only innocent and unpunished passion.

SYDNEY SMITH.

CCX.

ABT VOGLER.

[After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention.]

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed, —
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

. . . . . .

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:

Had I written the same, made verse, — still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
It is everywhere in the world, — loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone, and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,

That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance; is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was, shall be.

M. P. 6.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee, who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

. . . . . .

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 't is we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor, — yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

ROBERT BROWNING.

CCXI.

THE ORGANIST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

LOWELL. (*Prelude to Vision of Sir Launfal.*)

CCXII.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF MUSIC.

I THINK sometimes could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a great city, and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.

EMERSON.

CCXIII.

SOLACE IN MUSIC.

AND when an audience disperses, can you guess what griefs the singer may have comforted, what hard hearts he may have softened, what high thoughts he may have awakened?

BULWER-LYTTON. (*The Parisians.*)

CCXIV.

SORROWFUL MUSIC.

GIVE me music, or I die;
Music, wherein Sorrow's cry
Is a sweet, aerial sigh, —
Where Despair is harmony.

Give me music, such as winds
To the ambushed grief, and finds
Clews of soft-enticing sound,
Notes that soothe and cannot wound,
Leading with a tender care
Outward into brighter air:
Music which, with welcome pain,
Melted from the master's brain,
When his sorrow, freed from smart,
Laid its head upon his heart,
And the measure, broken, slow, —
Shed with tears in mingled flow, —
All its mighty secret spake
And it slept: it will not wake.

Give me music, sad and strong,
Drawn from deeper founts than Song;
More impassioned, full, and free
Than the Poet's numbers be:
Music which can master thee,
Stern enchantress, Memory!
Piercing through the gloomy stress
Of thy gathered bitterness,

As the summer lightnings play
Through a cloud's edge far away.

Give me music; I am dumb,
Choked with tears that never come.
Give me music; sigh or word
Such a sorrow never stirred, —
Sorrow that with blinding pain
Lies like fire on heart and brain.
Earth and Heaven bring no relief;
I am dumb; this weight of grief
Locks my lips; I cannot cry:
Give me music, or I die.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

CCXV.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

O THOUGHT of consummated melody
And perfect rhythm! though its mighty beat
Transcend angelic faculty, and though its mighty bars
May be the fall of worlds, the birth of stars,
Its measure — all eternity — one echo, calm and sweet,
Our clew to this great music of God's plan,
Sounds on in ever-varying repeat, —
Glory to God on high, peace and good-will to man.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

CCXVI.

THE ORGAN.

Oh, tell me, who contrived this wondrous frame,
Full of the voices of all living things, —
This temple, which, by God's own breath inspired,
So boldly blends the heart-appalling groan
Of wailing Misereres with the soft
Tones of the plaintive flute, and cymbal's clang,
And roar of jubilee, and hautboy's scream,
With martial clarion's blast, and with the call,
Of the loud-sounding trump of victory?

. . . . . .

Cecilia, noblest of the Roman maids,
Disdained the music of the feeble strings,
Praying within her heart, "Oh that I might
But hear the song of praise, the which, of old,
Those holy three sang in the glowing flames, —
The song of the creation!"
Then there came
An angel who had oft appeared to her
In prayer, and touched her ear. Entranced she heard
Creation's song. Stars, sun, and moon, and all
Heaven's host, and light and darkness, day and night,
The rolling seasons, wind and frost and storm,
And dew and rain, hoar-frost and ice and snow,
Mountain and valley in their spring attire,

And fountains, streams and seas, and rock and wood,
And all the birds of heaven, and tribes of earth,
And everything that hath breath, praised the Lord,
The holy and the merciful.
She sank
In adoration: "Now, O angel, might I
But hear an echo of this song!"
With speed
He sought the artist whom Bezaleel's
Devoted soul inspired: in his hand
He placed the measure and the number. Soon
Uprose an edifice of harmonies.
The Gloria of angels rang. With one
According voice, great Christendom intoned
Her lofty Credo, blessed bond of souls.
And when, at holy sacrament, the chant,
"He comes! Blessed be he who cometh!" rang,
The spirits of the saints came down from heaven,
And took the offering in devotion. Earth
And heaven became a choir. The reprobate
Shook, at the temple's door, and seemed to hear,
The trump whose clang proclaimed the day of wrath.
With all the Christian hearts Cecilia
Rejoiced, for she had found what every heart
Seeks with strong yearning, in the hour of prayer, —
Union of spirits, — Christian unity.

"How shall I name," said she, "this many-armed
River which seizes us and bears us on
To the wide sea of the eternities?"
"Call it," the angel said, "what thou didst wish.
Call it the Organ of the mighty soul,
Which sleeps in all, which stirs all nations' hearts,
Which yearns to intone the everlasting song
Of universal nature, and to find
In richest labyrinth of hearts and sounds
Devotion's richest, fullest harmony."

HERDER.
(*Trans. by C. T. Brooks.*)

CCXVII.

LIFE IS A WELL-STRUNG LYRE.

LIFE is a well-strung lyre,
And I a wandering note,
Struck from its cunning chords, and left alone
A moment in the quivering air to float;
Then without echo die,
And upward from this earthly jarring fly,
To form a truer note above,
In the great song of joy and love,
The never-ending, never-jarring song
Of the immortal throng.

BONAR.

CCXVIII.

MUSIC'S REFINING TONE.

THAT which I have found the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both body and soul, especially when I play myself; for then, methinks, the same motion that my hands make upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart.

J. BEVERIDGE.

CCXIX.

THEN to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

ANON.

CCXX.

TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

WINTER has come, the birds have fled,
Their leaves the red-lipped roses shed;
But in thy liquid throat, Christine,
Perpetual summer lurks unseen;
And sleeps therein, in shine or hail,
The perfect-throated nightingale;
While on thy lips the roses lie,
That live when all their sisters die.

JOHN FRASER.

CCXXI.

AN OLD SONG.

You laugh as you turn the yellow page
  Of that queer old song you sing,
And wonder how folks could ever see
A charm in the simple melody
  Of such an old-fashioned thing.

That yellow page was fair to view,
That quaint old type was fresh and new,
That simple strain was our delight
When here we gathered night by night,
And thought the music of our day
An endless joy to sing and play,
  In our youth, long, long ago.
A joyous group we loved to meet,
When hope was high and life was sweet;
When romance shed its golden light,
That circled in a nimbus bright
  O'er Time's unwrinkled brow.

The lips are mute that sang these words;
The hands are still that struck these chords;
  The loving heart is cold.
From out the circle, one by one,
Some dear companion there has gone,
While others stay to find how true
That life has chord and discord too,
  And all of us are old.

'T is not alone when music thrills
The power of thought profound that fills
  The soul! 'T is not all art!
The old familiar tones we hear
Die not upon the listening ear;
  They vibrate in the heart.

And now you know the reason, dear,
Why I have kept and treasured here
  This song of bygone years.
You laugh at the old-fashioned strain;
It brings my childhood back again,
  And fills my eyes with tears.

ANON.

CCXXII.

MELODY AND HARMONY.

IN music it is as with chess-playing, — the Queen, *melody*, possesses supreme power; but it is the King, *harmony*, who ultimately decides.

SCHUMANN.

CCXXIII.

SOME to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

POPE. (*Essay on Criticism.*)

CCXXIV.

MUSIC to the mind is as air to the body.

PLATO.

CCXXV.

TO MY NIECE DAISY, INTERPRETING LISZT.

HER tapering fingers from the keys
Purloined such dulcet harmonies,
That scarce the drowsy chords awoke,
But seemed to murmur in their sleep,
Until like troops when day hath broke,
To arms at the reveille who leap,
Her touch aroused an unseen host,
The voices of a Pentecost, —
A host that in consent obeyed
The incantation of the maid.

But how portray the spirit's mood
Controlling that melodious brood?
Hath fancy moulded yet a shape
Worthy her tenderness to drape,
As in those years of dolls and toys
The mimicry of later joys?
Or is she the unconscious bird
Which sings, and cares not to be heard?

Ah, no, the eager chords relate
The feelings glad or desolate
Of one whose wayward life hath been
A mystery to his fellow-men;
A monarch in the realms of tone,
Now cinctured by a priestly zone,
Who every gamut, every scale,
To Alpine height from Alpine dale,
In human life hath sobbed or sung.

As brooks in pensive beauty glide
To mingle in the breakers' roar,
But homeward with the turning tide
Some truant drops regain the shore, —
So he, his native hills among,
Now tunes the lyre his life hath strung.
And that wild life to her unknown
Her fingers trace; as on the stone
That marks a grave its legend sad
We read, nor know the good or bad
That throbbed and wrought ere tearless Death
Laid low the crumbling frame beneath.

SAMUEL WARD.

CCXXVI.

ANGEL OF MUSIC.

ANGEL of Music! when our finest speech
Is all too coarse to give the heart relief,
The inmost fountains lie within thy reach,
Soother of every joy and every grief.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. (*The Music-Master.*)

CCXXVII.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

HOW sweet it is to sit and read the tales
Of mighty poets, and to hear the while
Sweet music, which when the attention fails
Fills the dim pause.

SHELLEY.

CCXXVIII.

THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.

WHO says, Beethoven, that thy spirit fled
Returns not from the dead,
Or that a bearded lion's rage divine
Is any match for thine,
When, wrapped in silence and in slumber cloaked,
Thy sad soul is invoked?
Thee oftenest would we strictly venerate, —
Thee first, though others wait,
Who, shrined in memory and of mighty mould,
Can never have thy hold!
As figures dimly outlined in a glass,
So pass they and repass,
So rise and fall: Schubert, the wanderer;
Mozart, the ponderer
Of flawless melody; Händel, whose themes
Make pale a conqueror's dreams;
Berlioz, who blends the skill of the musician
With that of the magician, —
A querulous shade that, called to life again,
Brings shadows in its train.
What wonder that our hearts, responsive glowing,
Are filled to overflowing,
And cannot hold what earth and air in vain
Are struggling to retain;
Or that such music, when it walks abroad,
Is worshipped like a god?

Yet, sad Beethoven, when we own thy sway,
We wish all else away!
Hark! from the underworld a rush of sound
So startling, so profound,
The brain is swimming and the heart beats faster
With terror of the master.
'T is he! No human breast at which he knocks
But instantly unlocks,
And the round world, o'er which he loved to brood,
Is subject to his mood.
But this heart-searching, thrice-repeated strain,
That is not joy nor pain!
"Mortals," it says, as plain as words could say,
"Ye creatures of a day!
Alas, to dance with you, perchance to sup,
Why have ye called me up?
Is nothing sacred, — not the tasted wave,
Nor the untroubled grave?
Oh, from your souls remove this latest stain,
And let me sleep again!"

LUCY C. BULL.

CCXXIX.

MY idea is, that music ought to move the heart with sweet emotion, which a pianist will never effect by mere scrambling, thundering, and arpeggios, — at least not from me.

BACH.

CCXXX.

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so,
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravisht, hence I goe
Away in easie slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My paines asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poore I,
May think thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showrs,
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew
A baptime o're the flowers.

Melt, melt my paines
With thy soft straines,
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

HERRICK.

CCXXXI.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

'T WAS not the air, 't was not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour.
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touched for utterance,
Now motioned with his hand for more.

MOORE. (*Lalla Rookh.*)

CCXXXII.

MUSIC herself teaches us harmony.

BEETHOVEN.

CCXXXIII.

MUSIC loosens a heart that care has bound.

BYRD.

CCXXXIV.

VOICES.

HARK! the low music wakes, and soft and slow
Wanders at will through flowery fields of sound;
Climbs gentle hills, and sinks in sunny vales,
And stoops to cull sweet wayside blooms, and weave
A dainty garland; then, grown tired, casts down
With careless hand the fragrant coronal,
And childlike sings itself to sleep.

Anon

The loud strain rises like a strong knight armed,
Battling with wrong; or passionate seer of God,
Scathing with tongue of fire the hollow shows,
The vain deceits of men; or law-giver,
Parting in thunder from the burning hill
With face aflame; or with fierce rush of wings
And blazing brand, upon the crest of Sin,
The swift archangel swooping; or the roll
Which follows on the lightning, — all are there
In that great hurry of sound.

And then the voice

Grows thinner like a lark's, and soars and soars,
And mounts in circles, higher, higher, higher,
Up to heaven's gate, and lo! the unearthly song

Thrills some fine inner chord, and the swift soul,
Eager and fluttering like a prisoned bird,
Breaks from its cage, and soars aloft to join
The enfranchised sound, and for a moment seems
To touch on some dim border-land of being,
Full of high thought and glorious enterprise
And vague creative fancies, till at length,
Waxed grosser than the thin ethereal air,
It sinks to earth again.
And then a strain,
Sober as is the tender voice of home,
Unbroken like a gracious life, and lo
Young children sit around me, and the love
I never knew is mine, and so my eyes
Grow full, and all my being is thrilled with tears.
. . . . . .
O strange, sweet power,
Ineffable, O gracious influence,
I know not whence thou art, but this I know:
Thou holdest in thy hand the silver key
That can unlock the sacred fount of tears,
Which falling make life green; the hidden spring
Of purer fancies and high sympathies.

LEWIS MORRIS.

M. 6. 5. CCXXXV.

SINGING is one preparation for heaven.

BEVAN.

CCXXXVI.

THERE IS SWEET MUSIC HERE.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

TENNYSON. (*The Lotos-Eaters.*)

CCXXXVII.

REMEMBERED STRAINS

LIKE music heard once by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

LOWELL. (*In the Twilight.*)

CCXXXVIII.

SWEET melodies are those which are by distance made more sweet.

WORDSWORTH.

CCXXXIX.

ROSSINI.

THE ghostly wind of Weber's northern pines,
With its luxurious dread, ne'er haunted thee;
Maddening the heart like bright Circean wines,
Thy siren songs float o'er the sunlit sea;
Thy Faun-like childhood caught a Pagan glee
From mellow clusters, bending trellised vines
In some warm Tuscan vale, where sunset shines
On vintage dance and jocund minstrelsy.
If life were but a Bacchanal procession
Of sensuous joys, thou wert its great high-priest,
Old Pan of music, who, half god, half beast,
On the shy nymph of tears mak'st bold aggression:
Yet in thy bowers we sit at endless feast,
And of thy gorgeous realm take rich possession.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

CCXL.

UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING AND SWEETLY SINGING.

WHEN thou do'st play and sweetly sing,
Whether it be the voice or string,
Or both of them, that do agree
Thus to entrance and ravish me:
This, this I know, I 'm oft struck mute,
And dye away upon thy lute.

HERRICK.

CCXLI.

MINISTRY OF SONG.

SING in the deepening twilight,
When the shadow of eve is nigh,
And the purple and golden pinions
Fold o'er the western sky.
Sing in the silver silence,
While the first moonbeams fall;
So shall your power be greater
Over the hearts of all.
Sing till you bear them with you
Into a holy calm,
And the sacred tones have scattered
Manna, and myrrh, and balm.

Sing! that your song may gladden;
Sing like the happy rills,
Leaping in sparkling blessing
Fresh from the breezy hills.
. . . . . .
Sing to the tired and anxious;
It is yours to fling a ray,
Passing indeed, but cheering,
Across the rugged way.
Sing to God's holy servants,
Weary with loving toil,
Spent with their faithful labor
On oft ungrateful soil.
The chalice of your music
All reverently bear,

For with the blessed angels,
  Such ministry you share.
. . . . . .
Sing on in grateful gladness!
  Rejoice in this good thing
Which the Lord thy God hath given thee,—
  The happy power to sing.
But yield to Him, the Sovereign
  To whom all gifts belong,
In fullest consecration
  Your Ministry of Song,
Until His mercy grant you
  That resurrection voice,
Whose only ministry shall be
  To praise Him and rejoice.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

CCXLII.

THE DIVINITY OF MUSIC.

THE divinity of music is only perceived when it lifts us into an ideal condition of existence; and the composer who does not do this much, is, as far as we are concerned, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water.

THIBAUT.

CCXLIII.

THE voice of man is no less adapted to singing than it is to speaking.

ACTON.

CCXLIV.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

CHILD of Romance! — how varied was thy skill!
Now stealing forth in airy melody,
Such as the west wind breathes along the sky,
When golden evening lingers on the hill:
Now with some fierce and startling chord didst chill
The blood to ice, and bathe with dew the brow;
Anon, thou didst break forth in brilliant flow
Of wild rejoicing, such as well might fill
The bright sea-chambers, where the mermaids play;
All elemental sounds thou didst control, —
The roar of rocking boughs, the flash of spray,
The earthquake's muttered threat, the thunder's roll,
Scattering, like toys, their changes through thy lays,
Till wonder could no more, and rapture silenced praise.

H. F. CHORLEY.

CCXLV.

AT every close she made, th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song;
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seemed the music melted in the throat.

DRYDEN.

CCXLVI.

BEETHOVEN.

O MASTER, if immortals suffer aught
Of sadness like to ours, and in like sighs
And with like overflow of darkened eyes
Disburden them, I know not; but methought,
What time to-day mine ear the utterance caught
Whereby in manifold melodious wise
Thy heart's unrestful infelicities
Rose like a sea with easeless winds distraught,
That thine seemed angel's grieving, as of one,
Strayed somewhere out of heaven, and uttering
Lone moan and alien wail; because he hath
Failed to remember the remounting path,
And singing, weeping, can but weep and sing
Ever, through vasts forgotten of the sun.

WILLIAM WATSON.

CCXLVII.

SERENADE.

SILENT prayers of blissful feeling, link us tho' apart,
On the breath of music stealing, to thy dreaming heart;
All the stars keep watch in heaven, while I sing to thee,
And the night for love was given, — dearest, come to me!

ANON.

CCXLVIII.

THE FANCY CONCERT.

THEY talked of their concerts, and Cramers and Spohrs,
And pitied the fever that kept me in-doors,
And I smiled in my thought and said, "O ye sweet fancies,
And animal spirits, that still in your dances
Come bringing me visions to comfort my care,
Now fetch me a concert, — imparadise air."

Then a wind like a storm out of Eden came pouring
Fierce into my room, and made tremble the flooring,
And filled with a sudden impetuous trample
Of heaven, its corners; and swelled it to ample
Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power;
Which falling as suddenly, lo! the sweet flower
Of an exquisite fairy-voice opened its blessing;
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,
There came, falling in with it, each in the last,
Flageolets one by one, and flutes blowing more fast,
And hautboys and clarionets, acrid of reed,
And the violin, smoothlier sustaining the speed
As the rich tempest gathered, and buz-ringing moons
Of tambours, and deep basses, and giant bassoons,

And the golden trombone, that darteth its tongue
Like a bee of the gods; nor was wanting the gong.
. . . . . .
Then lo! was performed my immense will and pleasure,
And orchestras rose to an exquisite measure;
And lights were about me, and odors; and set
Were the lovers of music, all wondrously met;
And then with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose-color, in came the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And with their own hands did they play me their finest.
Oh! truly was Italy heard then and Germany,
Melody's heart, and the rich brain of harmony:
Fresh Paisiello, whose airs are as new,
Though we know them by heart, as May-blossoms and dew;
And Nature's twin son, Pergolese; and Bach,
Old father of fugues, with his endless fine talk;
And Glück, who saw gods, and the learned sweet feeling
Of Haydn; and Winter, whose sorrows are healing;
And airy Correlli, whose bowing seems made
For a hand with a jewel; and Händel arrayed
In Olympian thunders; vast lord of the spheres,

Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears;
A lover withal, and a conq'ror, whose marches
Bring demigods under victorious arches;
Then Arne sweet and tricksome; and masterly Purcell,
Half priest and half prince; and Mozart universal,
But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,
With a grove, in the distance, of holier sound;
Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini;
Nor love, young and dying, in shape of Bellini;
Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor mirth's sweetest name,
Cimarosa; much less the great organ-voiced fame
Of Marcello, that hushed the Venetian sea;
And strange was the shout, when it wept hearing thee,
Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart-cloven,
My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.

. . . . . .

So now we had chorus and now we had song,
Now instruments hurrying the warble along;
Now pauses that pampered resumption; and now —
But who shall describe what was played us, or how?
'T was wonder, 't was transport, humility, pride;
'T was the heart of the mistress that sat by one's side;

'T was the Graces invisible, moulding the air
Into all that is shapely, and lovely, and fair,
And running our fancies their tenderest rounds
Of endearments and luxuries, turned into sounds;
'T was argument even, the logic of tones;
'T was mem'ry, 't was wishes, 't was laughter, 't was moans;
'T was pity and love, in pure impulse obeyed;
'T was the breath of the stuff of which passion is made.
And these are the concerts I have at my will;
Then dismiss them, and laugh at your puffs and your "bill."

LEIGH HUNT.

CCXLIX.

REALMS OF MUSIC.

MEANWHILE thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven.

SHELLEY. (*Prometheus Unbound.*)

CCL.

LISZT'S PLAYING.

FRANZ LISZT'S playing often seems to me like a melodious agony of the spectre world.

HEINE.

CCLI.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN stars pursue their solemn flight,
Oft in the middle of the night,
A strain of music visits me,
Hushed in a moment silverly, —
Such rich and rapturous strains as make
The very soul of silence ache
With longing for the melody.

Or lovers in the distant dusk
Of summer gardens, sweet as musk,
Pouring the blissful burden out,
The breaking joy, the dying doubt;
Or revellers, all flown with wine,
And in a madness half divine,
Beating the broken tune about.

Or else the rude and rolling notes
That leave some strolling sailors' throats,
Hoarse with the salt sprays, it may be,
Of many a mile of rushing sea;
Or some high-minded dreamer strays
Late through the solitary ways,
Nor heeds the listening night, nor me.

Or how or whence those tones be heard,
Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred,
As when a swiftly passing light
Startles the shadows into flight;

While one remembrance suddenly
Thrills through the melting melody, —
A strain of music in the night.

Out of the darkness bursts the song,
Into the darkness moves along:
Only a cloud of memory jars,
Only an old wound burns its scars,
As the wild sweetness of the strain
Smites the heart with passionate pain,
And vanishes among the stars.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

CCLII.

ORIGINALITY IN MUSIC.

IF they hint, O Musician, the piece that you played
Is nought but a copy of Chopin or Spohr;
That the ballad you sing is but merely "conveyed"
From the stock of the Arnes and the Purcells of yore;
That there 's nothing, in short, in the words or the score
That is not as outworn as the "Wandering Jew;"
Make answer — Beethoven could scarcely do more —
That the man who plants cabbages imitates, too!

AUSTIN DOBSON. (*The Ballad of Imitation.*)

CCLIII.

WHEN VERA PLAYS THE VIOLIN.

WHEN Vera plays the violin,
Soft phrases in melodious din
  Follow the swayings of the bow
  She draweth deftly to and fro,
My happy ears they enter in, —

But happier my eyes to win
A sight so fair, — her dimpled chin,
Her serious eyes that kindling glow
    When Vera plays.

So sweet her silence is, a sin
It seems for sweet sound to begin.
  An angel stood thus, long ago,
  In sight of Fra Angelico.
Yet heavenly choirs seem earth akin
    When Vera plays.

MARION METEYARD.

CCLIV.

MUSIC THE LANGUAGE OF EMOTION.

OBSERVE how all passionate language does of itself become musical, — with a finer music than the mere accent; the speech of a man even in zealous anger becomes a chant, a song.

CARLYLE.

CCLV.

ON HEARING THE DIES IRÆ SUNG IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

NAY, Lord, not thus! white lilies in the spring,
Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted dove,
Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.
The empurpled vines dear memories of Thee bring:
A bird at evening flying to its nest
Tells me of One who had no place of rest:
I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,
And the fields echo to the gleaner's song,
Come when the splendid fulness of the moon
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,
And reap Thy harvest: we have waited long.

OSCAR WILDE.

CCLVI.

UNHEARD MELODIES.

HEARD melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

KEATS. (*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*)

CCLVII.

LOVE, THE MUSICIAN.

LOVE is the Minstrel; for in God's own sight,
The master of all melody, he stands,
And holds a golden rebec in his hands,
And leads the chorus of the saints in light;
But ever and anon those chambers bright
Detain him not, for down to these low lands
He flies, and spreads his musical commands,
And teaches men some fresh divine delight.
For with his bow he strikes a single chord
Across a soul, and wakes in it desire
To grow more pure and lovely, and aspire
To that ethereal country where, outpoured
From myriad stars that stand before the Lord,
Love's harmonies are like a flame of fire.

E. W. GOSSE.

CCLVIII.

ANGEL MELODIES.

ANGEL melodies
Burst through the dull dark and the mad air quivered
Unutterable music.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CCLIX.

MUSIC is a pleasing accomplishment; let the fair learn to sing.

OVID.

CCLX.

MUSIC.

When whispering strains with creeping wind
Distil soft passions through the heart;
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string ache,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the heavenly host;
Whose lays we think
Make stars to wink,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

Oh lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet!
Grief who needs fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

William Strode.

CCLXI.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD WAGNER.

I.

MOURNING on earth, as when dark hours descend,
Wide-winged with plagues, from heaven; when hope and mirth
Wane, and no lips rebuke or reprehend
Mourning on earth.

The soul wherein her songs of death and birth,
Darkness and light, were wont to sound and blend,
Now silent, leaves the whole world less in worth.

Winds that make moan and triumph, skies that bend,
Thunders, and sound of tides in gulf and firth,
Spake through his spirit of speech, whose death should send
Mourning on earth.

II.

The world's great heart, whence all things strange and rare
Take form and sound, that each inseparate part
May bear its burden in all tunèd thoughts that share
The world's great heart.

The fountain forces, whence like steeds that
start
Leap forth the powers of earth and fire and air,
Seas that revolve and rivers that depart

Spake, and were turned to song: yea, all they
were,
With all their works, found in his mastering
art
Speech as of powers whose uttered word laid
bare
The world's great heart.

SWINBURNE.

CCLXII.

ANGELIC STRAINS.

EVEN while I list, such music stealeth
In upon my soul,
As though adown heaven's stair of stars
The seraph-harpings stole.

GERALD MASSEY.
(*A Glimpse of Auld Lang-Syne.*)

CCLXIII.

PROGRESS THROUGH MUSIC.

IT will be in and through music that human thought will be carried beyond the point it has hitherto reached.

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

CCLXIV.

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST!

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest!
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break:
Then oh! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there 's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all others above;
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with, "I love!"
"I love!"
My heart echoes to it, "I love!"

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CCLXV.

THE SAVING POWER OF MUSIC.

WERE it not for music, we might in these days say, the Beautiful is dead.

D'ISRAELI.

M. P. 6. *CCLXVI.*

THE life that is in tune with the melodies of heaven cannot fail of being happy.

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

CCLXVII.

I HEARD A MAID WITH HER GUITAR.

I HEARD a maid with her guitar
  Who played, like Orpheus, to the wind,
And sent forth rhythmic notes afar
  From out an arbor vine-entwined.

She knew the God of love is blind,
  And left her white heart-gates ajar;
I heard a maid with her guitar
  Who played, like Orpheus, to the wind.

But ah! Love's ears are keen as are
  The ears of shy, pool-haunting hind,
And when she closed her bosom's bar
  She found the god was there enshrined;
I heard a maid with her guitar
  Who played, like Orpheus, to the wind.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

CCLXVIII.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.

So long you did not sing, or touch your lute,
We knew 't was flesh and blood that there sate mute.
But when your playing and your voice came in,
'T was no more you then, but a cherubin.

HERRICK.

CCLXIX.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Henry VIII.*)

CCLXX.

HARMONY FROM DISCORD.

THE discord that involveth
  Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand revolveth
  In richest harmony.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

CCLXXI.

CHOPIN.

CHOPIN — the Raphael of the piano.

HEINE.

CCLXXII.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

WITH gravest lips and innocent sweet eyes,
And smile made pure by deep emotion's cast,
With childlike wisdom, more than worldly wise,
Thou bringest messages from out the past.

The mighty spirits of the sons of song
To thee reveal the tones they could not write,
When fancies came in overwhelming throng;
Thou knowest them, O boy; thine is the light.

Two little hands, a child's imperfect hands,
Make new for us the dead dreams once again;
From dusk to dawn, through all the listening lands,
Those little hands are on the hearts of men.

W. J. HENDERSON.

CCLXXIII.

MUSICAL GENIUS.

IT is strange that nearly all the world's greatest men have grown out of poverty, and in no case is this more true than in the lives of great musicians. Genius seems like some plant that cannot flourish upon a rich soil, but matures to beauty and perfection in the bleakest air, and when it is least cared for.

FREDERICK CROWEST.

CCLXXIV.

THE SONG CHALICE.

"You bear the chalice." Is it so, my friend?
Have I indeed a chalice of sweet song,
With underflow of harmony made strong,
New calm of strength through throbbing veins to send?
I did not form or fill, — I do but spend
That which the Master poured into my soul,
His dewdrops caught in a poor earthen bowl,
That service so with praise might meekly blend.
May He who taught the morning stars to sing,
Aye keep my chalice cool, and pure, and sweet,
And grant me so with loving hand to bring
Refreshment to His weary ones, — to meet
Their thirst with water from God's music-spring;
And, bearing thus, to pour it at His feet.

F. R. Havergal.

CCLXXV.

On a sudden, through the glistening leaves around, a little stirred,
Came a sound, a sense of music that was rather felt than heard.
Softly, finely, it inwound me;
From the world it shut me in, —
Like a fountain, falling round me,
Which with silver waters thin
Clips a little water Naiad sitting smilingly within.

Mrs. Browning. (*The Last Bower.*)

CCLXXVI.

MUSIC.

THAT music breathes all through my spirit,
As the breezes blow through a tree;
And my soul gives light as it quivers,
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,
New passions that have not a name;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings
Which make my life broaden and swell;
And I hear strange things that are soundless,
And I see the invisible.

Oh silence that clarion in mercy, —
For it carries my soul away;
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,
Like leaves on an autumn day.

O exquisite tyranny! silence, —
My soul slips from under my hand,
And as if by instinct is fleeing
To a dread unvisited land.
. . . . . .
Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,
The concords glide in like a stream,
With a sound that is almost a silence,
Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

Then oft when the music is faintest,
My soul has a storm in its bowers,
Like the thunder among the mountains,
Like the wind in the abbey towers.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling
In their silent and eddying rings;
We tremble, — they touch us so lightly,
Like the feathers from angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,
That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
Under water or under ground.

. . . . . .

O music! thou surely art worship;
But thou art not like praise or prayer;
And words make better thanksgiving
Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,
An outflow of something divine;
For the voice of adoring silence,
If it could be a voice, were thine.

Thou art fugitive splendors made vocal,
As they glanced from that shining sea,
Where the Vision is visible music,
Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord! art the Father of music;
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,
Though it singeth them silently.

But I guess by the stir of this music
What raptures in heaven can be,
Where the sound is thy marvellous stillness,
And the music is light out of Thee.

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